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How Five Men Proposed

CONFESSIONS OF A WESTERN SOCIETY GIRL

By Phyllis Perchance

WHEN I began to let down my skirts and put up my hair, and while I was emerging from the school-girl chrysalis into the butterfly young lady, my curiosity was aroused in no small degree upon the subject of the way in which men proposed. I wanted to know the words they used, the tones, the looks, the gestures. I wondered if it were a solemn performance or a gay one; if the girl were always happy, or if she were not sometimes a little bit frightened. My ideas were primitive in the extreme. I questioned my mother, my married sister, my aunts. My questions all were answered, except what "he" said upon the supreme occasion. When they arrived at that point they suddenly "forgot." But to my suspicious mind their sparkling eyes belied their words.

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It was evident that they wouldn't, perhaps they couldn't, bring themselves to tell it of men they married. I clinched my hands and registered a vow. If ever I were so fortunate as to have an offer of marriage, and did not accept it, I would remember every word, even if I had to excuse myself in the midst of it to take notes! Then, when other girls asked me just what he said, I also vowed to tell them. It is not idle curiosity which makes them ask. It is the deep interest they feel, at the border of the enchanted land, as to what the knight will say and do when they have pressed their dainty feet upon his domain and entered the kingdom where they, at any day, may meet him. Books do not help them.

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The following instances are my answers to their questions. They are *bona fide*. They are just what I would have given one of my ears to have heard with the other.

A most wise mother having decreed that I should be sheltered from the boy-and-girl flirtations, the "veal love," as my brother calls it, to which most girls are subject, I grew up with a mind singularly free from all such travesties. Of course, this had the drawback of making me timid among men, and induced primitive but lofty ideals of love. I thought all men gentlemen, all women honest, and all love honorable. My naturally romantic imagination was peopled with these prodigies, entirely the creation of my own brain. I knew nothing of flirting. Small wonder, then, that I was by turns the puzzle, the terror, and, I doubt not, the laughing-stock of the first men I met, for there always are smart young fellows ready to ridicule an innocence which they cannot appreciate nor understand. Still, I think, older men, who were themselves true and honest, really liked me better for my innocence and my true sincerity with them.

THE summer I was sixteen was the momentous one of my first proposal. I went to spend my vacation with four cousins in Kentucky. Gay, charming girls were they, living in a low, rose-colored house on the edge of town. Although at home men were not allowed to call, here they could not be kept away from me, as my cousins had them by the score.

The day before my birthday I met a man—a universal beau—as skilled in the art of flirting as I was unskilled. He flattered me until my head swam, and went through all the first stages of a flirtation without once hinting of marriage. In a confused, blind way I felt that something was wrong. I was ashamed to tell any one, but I thought he ought to know that I did not think of him as he professed to think of me. Still, all he said was so intangible, I could not refute it nor speak out frankly myself.

One day when we were driving, he suddenly threw his arm around me and tried to kiss me. Frightened out of my wits, I sprang up and actually had my foot on the step prepared to go out over the wheels, when he caught my hand.

"Sit down, child!" he said. "I won't touch you."

Never shall I forget the humiliation of that moment. As I look back I think nothing more unfortunate ever happened to me than that attempted kiss. It blistered the unspotted page of my childish belief in men, and the welt has never been smoothed out.

"There was no harm in what I did," he went on. "It was because I think so much of you." No answer from me. I knew now that he was flirting with me. It made me really furious.

"Take me home," I said abruptly. In the silence which followed my thoughts spun round and round. I could not formulate them. Suddenly he said: "I love you."

I turned and looked at him. It was the first time he had spoken that word.

"Yes, I love you," he said.

"I am very sorry," I faltered, losing my new-found courage and indignation at once.

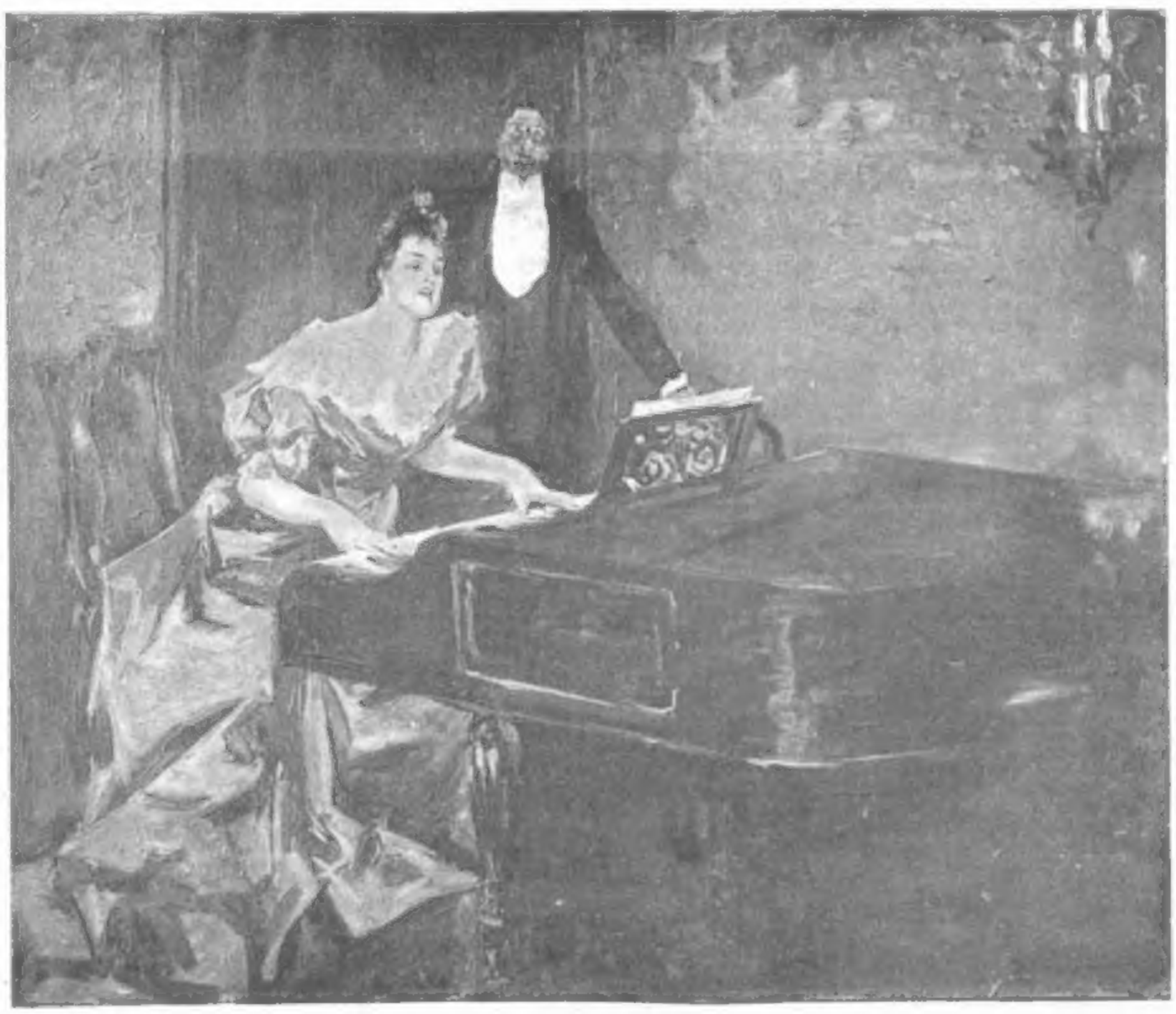
"Sorry?" he echoed.

"Yes, very sorry, for I do not love you."

"Why do you tell me that?" he cried. "Why couldn't you let me love you for the few weeks you will be down here, without throwing cold water over me in that way?"

"Love me for a few weeks," I said, puzzled. "How do you mean?"

He laughed in a slightly embarrassed way, without reply, so I went on: "Was that cold water? I did not mean to be rude; I only meant to be honest and straightforward."



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZEL

"HE WAS SINGING WITH MAUD IN THE MUSIC-ROOM"

He regarded me curiously, intently.

"So you think you couldn't love me?"

"Not well enough to—to marry you," I said with averted face and deep embarrassment. Another long silence which nearly set me frantic. What had I done? Why didn't he talk? What could he be thinking of? Presently he broke in vehemently with:

"Yes, I do want you, and you will marry me, won't you?"

"Oh, no! please don't ask me. I was afraid of this, only I couldn't tell you sooner," I faltered, quite alarmed by his earnestness. He persuaded and coaxed, and I grew almost tearful in denying him. Finally he said:

"Well, I won't tease you any more. You will have lots of sweethearts after a while, and just let me tell you this: If you treat them as you have me they will thank God, as I do, that they have met and loved one perfectly honest woman." And as he helped me down at our own door he added, "I shall never get over this; I shall never marry. I know I never shall."

He did not come in with me, thereby making everybody on the porch smile, as my guilty aspect could not have failed to do. His tone was so tragic that I thought perhaps he would kill himself. I saw myself the cause of his bachelor life, and felt like a criminal. But—he did not die; he married another girl. I did not know then, but I do fully know now, that "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

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THE next was from a man who professed to care a great deal for me. It came about in this way: I was standing at the top of the piazza steps as he came up the walk, and overhead the honeysuckle and nephetos roses met and made an arch. No one was in sight, but my mischievous cousins were behind the closed blinds and heard every word, especially as they said that Mr. John talked louder than ever in moments of tenderness, so they claimed that his proposal could have been heard "out in the big road." He took off his hat and stopped at the foot of the steps. Without a word of preface he said:

"If I could see that sweet picture every night when I came home, I wouldn't ask the Lord to give me another thing! Do you think you could do it for me?"

"What, stand here every night?" I said, laughing, thinking it only a compliment.

"Yes, stand there every night and let me know that yours was the face of my wife."

I was too completely stunned to answer him.

"Will you?"

"Oh, Mr. John!" I gasped. [You will notice, friends, that I do not play a very heroic part in these interviews, being too frightened to be self-conscious, and too utterly ignorant to be coquettish.]

"I love you, sweetheart," he said. "You are the only woman I have ever loved." I certainly heard a sound behind the blinds, but did not dare to look around at them.

"Oh, Mr. John!" I said again helplessly.

"Could you love an ugly old fellow like me?" he pursued, describing me in three equally flattering words.

"Oh, I don't think you are so very ugly," I said eagerly, trying to be both polite and honest—a difficult feat, by-the-way, for he was an exceedingly homely man.

A subdued flapping of the curtain behind me made my hair rise, and my confusion was complete when Mr. John threw his head back and laughed so heartily he nearly lost his balance. He interrupted my apology, and grew suddenly grave.

"Too ugly and old for you to love me, sweetheart, but not too old and ugly to love you. Pretty soon you'll go back up North, but you'll not forget that there's one old fellow down South who loves you and would marry you, no matter how old you were—you couldn't be ugly—anywhere or at any time you wanted him."

"Oh, how good you are!" I exclaimed sincerely, for his offer seemed, to my inexperience, a very handsome one.

"Promise me that if you ever change your mind you will send for me," he added, exhilarated to especial munificence by my

gratitude. Much impressed, I gave the required promise. He begged a rose from me and came in. I called the girls, who entered with mischievous eyes, and he made a long call, quite as if he had not been rejected to start with.

I chronicle these with great faithfulness, because they were my first, and because for a whole year afterward I scarcely spoke to a man. Then came an end to schooldays, my début and—freedom, did you say? No, a slavery which was far worse than that of the schoolroom.

The next few were so conventional they seem to leave nothing to tell. They were echoes of the ballroom and theatre. I remember every word of them, however. I cannot think but that all women do. And I believe that no matter how much of a villain such a man afterward may become, in the heart of the woman he once honored by asking her to be his wife there are always gentle thoughts of him despite his sins, and, hidden under all, the secret wonder if such sins would have existed had her answer been "yes" instead of "no."

Of course, experience of many things came with several seasons in society, and being naturally adaptable, I soon learned how to conduct myself under trying circumstances. Each season laid its tributes at my feet, and to all I listened willingly, hoping, yes undeniably hoping, that some one would speak whose words would bring a flutter to my pulses, which hitherto had remained disgracefully cool and still. Other girls fell in love, and even though some fell out again, why not I? I quite longed for the experience. It seemed downright cold-blooded to have only sympathy to give—which, by-the-way, never was wanted—when I felt it my duty to feel love.

Presently I had a curious and disagreeable experience. Maud still reproaches me about it. This younger sister of mine was a gay thing who would have her fun, but who possessed in reserve an infinite quantity of hauteur, with which she annihilated, nay, positively effaced, men who aspired too high. This proposal makes me by turns angry, amused and in some degree remorseful.

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IT WAS from a young Englishman, of glorious family, old, but decayed. His haughty mother openly detested America, and regarded American girls as only bearable if enormously wealthy. Her one ambition was to restore the fallen grandeur of her house. Her eldest son married a cool million. Her youngest, her idol, was so foolish as to fall blindly in love with a dowerless girl.

He made as much love to me as he dared under the stony eyes of his mother, and then I went with my family to the seashore for the summer. Perhaps he missed me; perhaps she forbade him to consider me. At any rate, something made him follow me. Mamma detested him on account of his morals; Maud liked his pedigree and his dancing.

I remember that he was singing the Pilgrim Chorus with Maud in the music-room when I came in from a walk, and when my sister discreetly excused herself he said admiringly:

"What a neat little filly you are!"

"Use the plural, please," I said.

"Plural, how?" he questioned stupidly. He was English, remember.

"Phyllis, not filly. Besides, how dare you compare me to a horse? I detest it."

"I hope you don't detest me, for I love you deeply."

"Nonsense! What would your mother say if she could hear you wooing a girl who is no heiress—a plebeian American?"

"I don't care what she'd say! I love you even if you are an American. I love all America for your sake, although I confess I used to hate it. Only an American shall be my wife, if she will have me, and my mother shall receive her! The little American shall hold her own with even my mother. Will she be my wife? What does she say?"

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"She says this: The little American is too proud to marry into any family where she is not welcomed by all. The slurs cast upon American girls by your mother in my presence ring in my ears too loudly for me to hear you. I recognize no aristocracy save that of mind and soul, and that I cannot afford to imperil. Perhaps an American will some day be as proud to marry me as I shall be to marry an American—one who loves my country for her own grand sake and not for mine, and in whose home both shall be reverenced and not insulted. Your mother's pride forbids you to marry aught save money. My pride forbids me to marry aught save the man."

"Hang me if I don't tell her what you say!" he exclaimed in delight. "What a high-stepper you are! I like you for it. You ought to be in our family. I'll marry you yet, and my mother shall be as glad to get you as I, for I love you, Phyllis."

"If you do, you will never mention the subject to me again, for not only do I not love you in the least, but I can't even respect a man of your well-known habits. I've remonstrated with you often, and you won't even try to give them up. You make a bad lover; you would make a worse husband."

"I'll reform if you'll marry me. I'll give up cards. You're such an angel, Phyllis, you could do anything with me. I'm a bad lot, I know, but if I could be with you always I couldn't help being better."

"Try it alone first. You are going down hill fast. Be a man for the sake of your own manhood, and not to please a weak woman."

"I can't; I need your daily help."

"You shall have it," I said eagerly. "Come and see me every day if you like."

"No; I mean your hourly presence. I must be sure of you first. I want to reform for my wife. Dear Phyllis, please say yes."

I hesitated. I did not love him. Should I?—could I?

"No, no!" I said. "I hope you won't think me unkind, but I can't."

"Unkind!" he echoed. "I think you are the cruelest girl I ever knew. I don't believe you love me at all."

"Why, of course, I don't! Did you think——?"

"I think that you have driven me to despair. And when the worst comes, just say to yourself, 'This is my work. I alone could have saved him, and I wouldn't.'"

"I sha'n't," I said hastily and ineloquently. "Because it isn't; it won't be."

"Phyllis, you little think what you have done to-day. If you persist you have deliberately destroyed a man's soul. Men's souls are in the hands of women. Mine is in yours. What will you do with it?"

As usual I was badly frightened. I felt faint, but I stood up and held out both hands to him, saying tremblingly:

"I give it back to you just as I received it. I dare not undertake the responsibility. Make of it what you will."

He crushed both my hands in his and then flung them from him.

"I'll go to the devil, then!" he said, and—I think he kept his word.

Was I wrong? Tell me, you who, in similar cases, have taken the other step? How have you fared? How has he kept his promises? Have you made him better?

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ONE day came an offer from a man who had loved me ever since I was a little girl, and who is the only lover I ever had who became my friend afterward. Strange how soon men's love turns to hate if one does not give what they ask. True, they do not want much—simply a woman's heart, and soul, and mind, and name, and identity! And because these are not handed over with a grateful smile, lo, your lover becomes—anything but your friend. All but this one. It seems to me I must always have known that he loved me. All that he said was:

"Phyllis, we have gone this far in life apart. Can't we go the rest of the way together?" And when I said "No," and began to excuse myself, he stopped me:

"Dear girl, don't say that to me. I have loved you much too long and too well not to know you. I understand all you would say. Trust me as I trust you, and forget everything I ever said, except that my heart aches with love for you. Remember that always. Shall we walk on?"

I was so dismayed by his abrupt dismissal of the subject that I nearly fell down instead. How conventionality helps a woman through even a crisis in her life! We walked on. But I feel a little breathless over that one strongly earnest proposal even yet.

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THE last one was from a man at a ball. On his dress-coat, as he claimed me for a waltz, was a long white thread. I smilingly called his attention to it and took it off. Maud saw me, and thought to tease me by saying:

"Who is it that says if a woman will take the trouble to pick a thread from a man's coat, that man may have her for the asking?" She laughed gleefully at our discomfiture and floated away in the arms of her partner.

The first time we stopped to promenade my partner glanced down at me, and there, caught in the flowers of my gown, was this same long thread. He bent down to take it off just as we came to a clearing among the dancers.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm picking threads off your 'coat,'" he repeated, stepping in front of me. "Will you?" I thought he meant would I go on with the waltz. I laid my hand in his and we melted into our places.

"Did you understand?" he whispered.

Now, it is bad enough to have to refuse a man on the sofa, but to have to do it when you are in his very arms; when, while he tells you over and over that he loves you, he can emphasize with a hand pressure, without reproof; when every second you are imperceptibly being drawn closer and closer, until the wretched truth dawns upon you that the music and the dance are secondary things, and that in reality you are being hugged, actually hugged by a man you are not going to marry—you must resist the impulse to put both hands against him and push with all your might. You simply get tired suddenly, and are taken to your chaperon, where you can refuse him properly.

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There have been all kinds of men, as Maud says, "mostly eligibles." Would you have chosen any of them, or, like me, let one after another pass because no answer rose in your soul? The man is yet to come who can strike a spark from the heart of

PHYLLIS PERCHANCE.

Old Friends

By David Banks Sickels

THERE are no friends like old friends,
And none so good and true;
We greet them when we meet them,
As roses greet the dew;
No other friends are dearer,
Though born of kindred mold;
And while we prize the new ones,
We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends,
Where'er we dwell or roam,
In lands beyond the ocean,
Or near the bounds of home;
And when they smile to gladden,
Or sometimes frown to guide,
We fondly wish those old friends
Were always by our side.

There are no friends like old friends
To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road;
And when unconquered sorrows
The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends
To calm our frequent fears
When shadows fall and deepen
Through life's declining years;
And when our faltering footsteps
Approach the Great Divide,
We'll long to meet the old friends
Who wait the other side.
—Leaves of the Lotus (Selwin Tait).

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Between Love and Creed

FOR THE LOVE OF DOROTHY

By Sarah Parr

IT WAS First Day morning—a sultry, breathless morning in June. In the shadiest spot of the long, straight avenue leading to the highway, John Carew's pet collie lay on his side, panting. From the near distance Dorothy Wayne's sweet voice could be heard, from time to time, coaxing him alluringly. At each call he opened and blinked a knowing eye for a moment, and then, with a weak flap of his tail against the cool gravel, subsided again. Even the roses in John's rose garden hung their heads heavily, cowering, as it were, before the pitiless sun. Not a petal stirred, and not a leaf on the fine old trees dotting the lawn. An ominous hush had settled upon all things. A storm was brewing. But only the idling farm hands, at the back of the house, had noticed the inky bank of cloud driving up from the west.

John was on the front porch, oblivious of Nature. He was standing at the top of the steps as motionless as the square, vine-covered pillar against which he leaned. In his fine, dark eyes burned a smouldering fire. Under the arms folded tensely across his Quaker coat his heart was beating most tumultuously.

Dorothy Wayne's pale pink gown was fluttering among the rose thickets, and the young master of the farmhouse could see nothing else. The gown was an offense, but the form it clad was tall and slim, and John Carew knew every ripple of the nut-brown hair, and every clear glance of the lovely hazel eyes.

As he stood thus, a large gracious figure in gray silk, white kerchiefs, and transparent Quaker cap came suddenly down the broad stairway of the wide, old-fashioned hall. It was the widowed mistress of the house—John's mother—Rachel Carew. In one hand she carried her dove-colored "stiff-pleat," and across her arm a dove-colored shawl. It was nearly meeting time, and, at the foot of the stairs, she glanced at the doorway opposite to see if the carriage were there. It was not. But all that she saw was John Carew. Instantly her serious blue eyes followed his. At the sight of the pink drapery among the roses they clouded.

"Dorothy!" she murmured, "Dorothy! Ah me! Thee loves Dorothy! Ah me!"

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Repressing her sighs, she glanced again at the tall, manly form of her son. For a little she stood quite still, searching his fine, spiritual face with anxious irresolution. Then, a sudden decision quickening her step, she went to a square, claw-footed mahogany table set primly against the wall. It was dustless, and polished till the great blue chintz bowl of roses Dorothy had placed there was fairly mirrored in its surface. But even in her distress Rachel Carew thought to flick away some imaginary particles with her handkerchief. This done, she put down her bonnet and shawl with her usual care, and then went out to John. He had not noticed her approach, and started as she touched his arm. But he neither turned nor spoke. He felt what was coming.

"Is it right, John?" she faltered. "Is it right to indulge thy affection thus? What can Dorothy Wayne ever be to thee, my son? Is it right, John?"

She paused, gazing at him with wistful tenderness.

Only a quick flush answered her.

She went on: "Till now—through all these weeks—I've kept silence. But I have not been blind. I've seen and deplored thy growing infatuation. Oh, John," her gentle voice gathering a tremulous force, "what can this fair young boarder of ours ever be to thee?—this beautiful, winning Dorothy Wayne, of the gay world in which thee has no part? What can she be to thee?"

"My all!—and that she is," muttered John huskily, still motionless against the pillar.

"Thy all? Oh, John! Does thee so forget? Like Samuel, thee was called by the Divine Voice in thy early years. Like Samuel thee answered: 'Speak, for Thy servant heareth.' Step by step that Voice has called thee higher, till now thee sits in the gallery, and ministers with living power to perishing souls. My son, is Dorothy thy all? Can she be all?"

John suddenly faced around. "I love Dorothy," he cried.

His voice was husky and hurrying, his eyes were alight with passion. Involuntarily Rachel recoiled.

"I am only man. Despite the difference of religious belief, I love her. There is no taint of worldliness in her pure heart. She wears her bright colors as innocently as the pink roses and blue forget-me-nots tinted by the Great Giver's own hand. And His Spirit stirs in her heart. If, then, He loves Dorothy, may not I? Mother, I love her."

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Rachel leaned a hand heavily upon the wooden balustrade all abloom with the pink roses, and gazed at him in dumb, blank uncertainty. Could this man, aflame with passion, be her son? Where was the calm exaltation that had ever borne him above the trials of life? What dreadful abyss was this into which he had fallen? Surely this love was a cross for him to carry, and surely he was refusing to take it up.

"I may—I will," pursued John, in the same tense accents. "Of all the fair, sweet things which the Creator has given us, Dorothy Wayne is the fairest and sweetest. She is dearer to me than——"

"Than thy birthright?" cried Rachel, rallying a speech that would have been stern but for the melting love in her voice and gaze. "Thee would renounce that, John? Thee, a minister, would marry out of meeting? Thee would make thyself a spectacle of inconsistency? How would yonder pink muslin—or even a brown muslin fashioned to worldly taste—look beside thy plain Friends' garb?"

"Dress! creed! Never before have I realized their trivialness. Now, in the light of Dorothy's love for Him who came to teach love, I see them what they are—husks that cover the grain; shells in which the true pearl——"

Rachel's large, fair, plump hand on his shoulder stopped him. Her round, ruddy face paled. Something like inspiration thrilled through her tones and glowed in her eyes as she gazed at him.

"Because never before has thee been tried as by fire. John, thee is in the crucible of temptation. Shall it refine thee to purest gold, or burn thee to cinders? Will thee forsake the narrow path of Friends for love of Dorothy Wayne? Already thee is questioning the pure doctrines in which thee has hitherto delighted. John! John! 'No cross, no crown.' This love is thy cross. Take it up and——"

"John! John!" echoed a half-smothered, appealing voice. It came from the rose garden. It was the voice of temptation—the voice of Dorothy. Rachel's spell was broken. John's head, bowed by the searching words, flew up, and he listened intently.

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"Something has befallen Dorothy," he anxiously cried.

He leaped the porch steps, and disappeared beyond the trellised limits of the rose garden. Dorothy answered his call in stifled but laughing tones.

"I'm here; woefully realizing that 'every rose has its thorn.'"

"Where? In the bower, or——"

"In the bower—a crowned prisoner. Crowned with roses, and imprisoned by thorns—ignominiously caught by the hairs of my head."

She stood there among the cool green shadows a picture of enchanting grace and loveliness. The sunbeams sifted down upon her declined head, flecking its brown tresses with rich golden lights. Above it her arms, half-bared by the loose, falling sleeves, were curved in a fruitless struggle with the tangle of thorn and bloom.

"I coveted one particular bud," she laughed again, as a side glance showed her John's boots, "and behold the result! Just cut the branches close to my head, please, and I can wrestle with the crown in my room. You have your knife?"

"Yes," said John unsteadily.

"Well, then, cut the branches."

She dropped her arms full length, and waited with loosely locked fingers. The flushed loveliness of her bowed face was entrancing. John, unseen behind her, gazed down upon it a moment, and then hurriedly got out his knife and opened the blade. But as he seized the branches his brown, sinewy hands began to tremble. Never before had they been so near that charming head. His own whirled. If he might once kiss those rippling, rose-crowned tresses! The temptation had all the delicious flavor of forbidden fruit. He could not resist.

"Dorothy will never know," he thought, every pulse throbbing.

His heart rushed to his lips. In a second they were pressing the sheeny brown heap.

"Dear me! How long it takes you," exclaimed Dorothy, as she vainly strove to twist her head around. "Why don't you cut it, John? Don't you see I can't move for the thorns?"

John started up in a red glow of bliss, guilt and shame.

"Keep still, Dorothy," he faltered, "thee must keep still! I do not want to hurt thee. So—there! thee is free."

The strange, deep thrill in his voice was like a caress. Dorothy turned to him blushing divinely.

"Thank you," she murmured hastily, stooping for a little spray of bursting buds sacrificed in freeing her. "I'll go and get rid of the rest now."

The blush, the lowered eyes, the delicate constraint were love's own language. But John gazed after her overwhelmed. "She knew that I did it," he thought, tingling with hot shame, and then sprang forward.

"Forgive me, Dorothy," he faltered, catching her hand and drawing her into the bower again. The floodgates opened with the penitent entreaty. The love so long smothered broke into torrent-like speech. Trembling and blushing, Dorothy listened with eyes rooted to the brown hands clasping her own so fervidly—so eloquently.

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"If thee can love me," he hurried on, "I will cherish thee as the Father's most precious gift. Nothing should come between us—nothing shall, Dorothy." There was a strange vehemence in his voice. Startled, wondering, Dorothy looked up.

"But why should anything come between us, John? What could?"

Her blushes had fled. A woman's earnest, soulful gaze questioned his gravely. A flash like sunlight broke over John's agitated face. At that moment all creeds were, indeed, the same to him.

"Then thee loves me, Dorothy—thee does love me?" he cried, leaning down to her, almost breathless.

Dorothy was only a blushing girl again. Her eyes fell. She stood in dumb confusion.

"Dorothy?"

"Oh, John, how could I help it?" It was the softest whisper.

"How could thee help it! Oh, my Dorothy, my Dorothy!" Kisses rained boldly now upon the rose-crowned head.

"We are forgetting everything," cried Dorothy, starting from John in blushing dismay. "It is Sunday, and—Oh, John!" suddenly breaking into eager entreaty. "Do not go to Solebury to Friends' Meeting this morning. Let us worship side by side on this happiest day of our lives. I have often gone to meeting with you. Come with me to my church to-day. Will you?"

The charm of those deepening blushes and pleading eyes! But go to church? Listen to a "hireling minister"? He had never once thought of doing such a thing. He could not do it. His innermost conscience forbade him to do it.

"Thee could not attend thy church alone, sometimes?" he faltered, "or—or, Dorothy, go with me always? Could thee do this, Dorothy?"

She gazed at him in startled and grieved surprise.

"Go without you? Give up my dear church altogether? Oh, John!" Then impetuously, "No, no, no!" She broke off, recoiling before a simultaneous flash and crash that made her cover her eyes. The storm-cloud had swept upon them unnoticed.

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"The rain will be down in a minute," cried John hoarsely, his ears filled with the thunder of that terrible "No." "Come, Dorothy, come!"

He hurried her to the porch. Rachel was there watching the storm.

"John," she called after him in consternation, as Dorothy ran past and upstairs, and he made for the barn. "John, thee is not going to meeting?"

A thunder-clap drowned her voice. But presently John's buggy dashed by the porch and out to the turnpike.

"In such a storm!" exclaimed Rachel, "And no one will be there. If some have started they will turn back!"

But the hurly-burly of the elements was naught to the wild storm evoked by Dorothy's triple "No." For the first time in his life John Carew was face to face with the unsuspected passion of his own nature. The sweet human love was in arms against the sacred, lifelong convictions that refused to be silenced. In a tumult of rebellion he dashed into the old grove that sheltered the Solebury Meeting-House, and its long row of carriage sheds behind. The sheds were empty. He scarcely noticed it. The meeting-house benches were empty also. A blank glance passed over them. From the "men's side" to the "women's side," beyond the partition of unclosed wooden shutters, it swept the two-aisled rows and the facing seats of the gallery unconsciously. Still the solitude was felt, and turning in the doorway he stood there gazing without. The rain was falling in torrents. Beyond the grove, across the road, the pathetic little white stones of the "Solebury Burying-Ground" were barely visible. Beyond the burying-ground's stone wall the lovely rolling landscape, with its dotting farmhouses and stretches of wooded hills, was altogether blotted out by the thickly falling drops.

John Carew was blind to all; even the quick thunderbolts flamed and crashed unnoticed. Like the outer tempest, the inner was at its height in his soul.

"Take up my cross," he thought in vehement protest. "Why should my pure, deep love for Dorothy be made a cross? Since we follow the same Master why should my conscience be pinned to one mode of worship? Since Dorothy cannot come to me why may I not go to her? There is no earthly bar to the mounting soul. Even in the midst of man's useless forms, I could worship in spirit and in truth as Dorothy does. Why, then, may we not go hand in hand through life? Why? Why?" breaking into sudden passionate speech and quick, echoing strides.

Up and down the uncarpeted aisle, straight from the door to the gallery, he went. Suddenly all was still. John had stopped. The battle was over. Love had won. For a moment he stood in ecstatic quiet. Then, every feature instinct with a great human joy, he walked swiftly to the door in eager haste to return to Dorothy.

As he reached it a heavy foot was set on the one broad stone step outside. A venerable Friend entered. He was large and bony, with high, strong features and rather long, snowy hair that lent a patriarchial majesty to his whole person. His eyes were gray, penetrating and deep-set under shaggy white brows and the broad brim of his hat. He looked at John in quick wonder.

"Why, John!" he exclaimed involuntarily, as he looked at him.

Abner Dutton had often heard John Carew preach, and often seen the beautiful spiritual glow that irradiated the young minister's face at such times. But this glow of almost defiant gladness? It was as new to him as the features of a stranger. It startled, troubled him. John perceived only a natural surprise. He answered hurriedly:

"Yes, I came, Abner. But what a pity thee turned out. I am just starting home. Excepting ourselves, nobody is here; and it's too late now for Friends to gather, though the storm is over, I judge. Yes, it is over; see, the sun. Wait, and I'll fetch thy horse round for thee, and we'll go home."

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But Abner checked him, touching his shoulder as he stepped outside.

"We are gathered, John," he said gravely.

"We! Two of us!" exclaimed John.

He gazed up at him in amazement.

Such a meeting of worship had never been heard of in all Bucks County.

"'Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them,'" answered Abner with slow, gentle and firm emphasis.

John was touched. But he hesitated. Neither his judgment nor his wishes favored the proposition. But after a moment, he suddenly and silently went in again. He could, at least, sacrifice his selfish desires.

So he opened the windows to the fresh south breeze, and followed his aged companion to the gallery where they were accustomed to sit side by side. But no thought of worship quieted his mind. There was no devout waiting; no humble effacement of self before the Most High. All Nature was in glad commotion after the storm. Yet, in the deep, pervading stillness of the roomy house, the gay twitter of birds and the rhythmic dripping of the wet foliage sounded almost weird.

But a sudden gush of song drowned the stillness in richest melody; a rollicking outburst, clear, vibrant, sparkling—the daring, jubilant mimicry of a catbird swaying and prinking near the windows.

A thrush caught up his stolen note as if challenged. Bluebirds, orioles and robins followed. It was a mad, emulating chorus. But at its height a gust of wind thrashed into the grove.

Beaten and crushed by the wind's rough usage, the wild grapevines, trailing their scented bloom about the thickets behind the sheds, sighed out a most delicious fragrance. It floated in soft puffs through the open doors and windows. The place was redolent of its divine breath. All Nature was at peace.

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John sat in dreamy delight. He was penetrated by a sense of Nature's jubilant charm. All was joy, perfume and melody. And yet in so glad a world he had thought of murdering his own gladness for all time. It was preposterous. He wondered at himself. He smiled at himself with a touch of pity. And when a wren all at once burst deliriously upon the gurgling song of a blackbird pecking in the grass around the doorstep, he smiled again, so fair was the swift vision of Dorothy, rose-crowned and blushing, before him. But suddenly there was a gentle, familiar stir.

Abner Dutton, sitting with clasped hands and chin sunk upon his breast, slowly raised his head, slowly took off his hat and put it beside him on the bench, and as slowly rose erect.

John dropped his gaze to the floor in reverent attention.

For a little while Abner stood motionless, his long, shriveled fingers lapping the back of the lower bench. Then, suddenly, his slow, fervid, half-intoning voice filled the empty house with strange, murmurous echoes.

"'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,'" he began—paused abruptly with parted lips—stood a moment as if smitten into changeless stillness, and then went on slowly, softly:

"'He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind.' 'Turn ye! turn ye!' saith the Lord. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' 'No man can serve two masters.' 'If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it from thee.' 'If thy right hand offend thee cut it off and cast it from thee': for 'he that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me.' Then 'turn ye! turn ye!' 'Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and ye—shall—find—rest—to—your—souls.'"

He ceased, standing motionless, like one waiting. Then, as the murmurous echoes died away he slowly turned, and, with relaxing features, put on his hat and sat down.

Not a sound broke the intense silence. Without, Nature had fallen into sudden stillness. Within reigned a great solemnity. John Carew sat bowed down to the dust.

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These quaint sermons of Abner Dutton breathed an indescribable fervor and impressiveness. Framed always from the Word of God, the word struck home. As a two-edged sword it had pierced John Carew's soul. In fierce self-seeking he had battled down his conscience, and now his conscience rose against him, a giant in arms.

A touch aroused him. It was Abner Dutton's extended hand. Like one in a dream he put out his own. They shook hands and rose. The meeting was ended.

"We are likely to have cooler weather for a day or two," said Abner, as they went out, and round to the sheds.

John answered mechanically. But as Abner was driving off he stopped him, leaning hastily across the wheel.

"How was it that thee came through the storm?" he asked him with unconscious emphasis.

"I was constrained, John," answered Abner simply. "Farewell."

"Farewell," said John in hoarse response, stepping back.

With the one clear thought that he must go home he brought out his buggy. Arrived there, he found visitors—meeting-folk driven in by the storm. When they left it was mid-afternoon.

Dorothy had strolled into the big, dim, rose-scented parlor, and Rachel was just ascending the stairs for her afternoon nap. John glanced toward the parlor. He heard Dorothy moving about there. Should he go in and have it all over at once? He shook his head. He could not. It would be plucking out his right eye—cutting off his right hand; he must first gain strength in solitude. He hastened through the hall to the back porch. But at the foot of the steps Dorothy's voice turned him about.

"May I speak with you a minute, John?" she asked, coming from the doorway and looking down at him.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes full of intense trouble.

A terrible impulse came upon John Carew to take her in his arms and cast Heaven and its peace behind him forever. Why should he torture himself and grieve her? Had he not seen the folly of it in the musical silence of the meeting-house? Had not all Nature shown him his right to happiness? And what happiness to call Dorothy his own—to have her always at his side—his wife!

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The blood coursing his veins hotly, he bounded up the steps. But as he seized her hands his face blanched.

"Oh, my God!" he cried.

It was no profane expletive, but the cry of a tempted soul. With it he wrung Dorothy's hands between his own.

"Not now, after a while. I am going to the barn now; I'll come back. Indeed, I have something to say to thee."

The hurrying words were almost inaudible. Before Dorothy quite understood them he was gone.

Very gravely and sadly she sat down behind the screening vines. At last she rose.

"The sooner we end it, the better—for him," she murmured. And fetching her sun-hat she walked quickly to the barn.

One of the broad leaves of the abutment door was ajar. She pulled it open and stood transfixed. John's voice had stopped her. Its changed tones were hardly recognizable; but in a flood of sunlight, slanting through the little door at the far end of the great hay-strewn thrashing-floor, he was kneeling with back toward her and head thrown up, in broken supplication.

"I sell all to follow Thee. I take up my cross. Her path may not be my path. I see it now by the pure light of Thy Spirit. I give Thee my best—my right hand and right eye—my Dorothy. Oh, Thou who hast borne a heavier cross, help me to bear mine. Help me, O Lord!"

His voice choked—failed.

With a rush of blinding tears, Dorothy woke from her awed stupor and impetuously stepped inside. As impetuously she retreated and pushed to the door. What right had she to intrude there?

She was in her room when John returned to the house. As his slow, heavy step crossed the hall and entered the parlor, she as slowly left her chamber. But near the stairs she paused suddenly, looking through the open doorway of "the little spare room." On the bed lay the cap, neck-kerchiefs, and gray silk which Rachel had hastily spread there when called down to her unexpected guests at meeting time.

Dorothy regarded them curiously from where she stood, and after a moment began to go nearer, little by little, like one fascinated, till close to the bed. With gentle hands she straightened the gown, then she smoothed a wrinkle from the under-kerchief, and then daintily lifting the cap she turned it thoughtfully round and round. As she did this, a quick, brilliant smile flashed to her grave eyes and lips. In a trice she had gathered up kerchiefs and gown, and was in her own room.

Presently she reappeared, and like some old picture from its frame went softly rustling down the stairs to the parlor. Slowly, hesitatingly she crossed the doorsill.

John, erect in one of the old, carved, claw-footed chairs, sat near an ivy-shaded window. He held an open book, and was vainly trying to read. Deceived by the slow, silken rustle, he looked up expecting to see Rachel. The book slipped from his starting hand to the floor. His pale face grew paler still.

"Dorothy!" he faltered hoarsely.

Smiling and mute, Dorothy advanced. Rachel's transparent cap covered the nut-brown, riotous waves tucked behind her ears. Rachel's gown, deftly pinned to her own slight proportions, clung around her in long, straight folds, and from the prim plaits of the transparent under-kerchief about her shoulders peeped a pale, pink rose, just as Rachel sometimes wore one.

"How does thee like me in this dress, John?" she asked brightly as she stopped before him.

The impassioned love in John's gaze kindled to a mastering flame. Then a great agony swept his white face. He sprang up staggeringly with averted eyes and repelling hand extended palm outward. She was so lovable, so adorable in her simple garb.

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"Don't!" he gasped chokingly. "Go, Dorothy. I am the weakest of the weak in my great love. The battle has been hardly won. I must renounce thee, Dorothy. The straight and narrow path of Friends is the only safe path for my halting feet. I must walk in it, or stray from the Great Shepherd forever. In pity go away, dear love!"

Dorothy stood motionless. Her eyes shone on him like tender stars.

"Go!" repeated John faintly. "'Tis more than I can bear—just now."

"Oh! John, I can never go."

It broke the moment's silence with choking vehemence

"Thee can never go, Dorothy?"

His hand fell. He looked at her in breathless questioning.

"As if I could be deceived, John! As if my first glance at your face, when you got home, could fail to read your trouble! I stopped you on the porch to end it. I have chosen. I shall always worship with you—with thee, John."

John felt himself trembling. But could it be?—could she really mean it?

"Thee is coming to the Friends by thy own conviction?"

"Yes, the conviction that Dorothy Wayne can never live apart from John Carew. There is but one Saviour—thy God is my God, John. Oh, John, the pity of it, so much suffering for naught!"

"My Dorothy!" But on a sudden he stood up straight and tall, his eyes shone with a beautiful light.

"For naught? Oh, no. Until this day I have never sounded the depths of my own evils. From this day a new, a Christ-given tenderness for the weak and erring must fill my heart, and strengthen my helping hand. And from this day I shall walk more steadfastly in the narrow path set before me."

"And I with thee, John, I with thee," said Dorothy, softly whispering.

John bent over her with hushed, broken voice. "My Dorothy! 'Dorothy, gift of God.' Truly art thou named, dear heart."

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Henry M. Stanley's Cat.—As the bonds of friendship are strengthened by a heavy affliction, so does a prolonged sojourn in foreign places, amid strange scenes, turn the most common of every-day sights at home into luxuries. A magazine tells a story of Henry M. Stanley, who, after his return from Africa, was busily engaged in writing his story of the Dark Continent.

He used to spread his reference maps upon the floor of his room, and on this particular day, after searching in his near neighborhood for a chart which he much needed, he spoke to his assistant, who presently descried it near the fireside, with Stanley's favorite cat upon it asleep.

He started to turn the intruder off, when the great man interrupted him, saying:

"Never mind; don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the chart until the cat wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that domestic cat, curled up in front of that bright English fire, is to me, you would never chase her away."

The cat slumbered on, and not until she arose with a lazy yawn, scratching her front nails on the rug as she stretched, did the famous explorer reach for his map.

After—the Deluge

THE REBELLION OF THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

By Annie Eliot Trumbull

THE sombre tints of Graybead were slightly suffused by a pink light sifting from the west through the clear air. The yachts in the harbor lay idly beneath the mellow influences of the passing of the summer day—idly as only sailboats can lie, a bit of loose sail or cordage now and then flapping inconsistently in a breath of wind which seemed to come out of the west for no other purpose, to retire into the east afterward, its whole duty done.

On board men were moving about, hanging lanterns, making taut here, setting free there, all with an air of utter peace and repose such as is found only on placid waterways beneath a setting sun. Occasionally an oar dipped in the still water, a hint of action, modified, softened into repose. Along one of the quaint streets of the irregular town, winding where it would, climbing where it climbed, hurried an angular figure—that of a woman of about fifty years, whose tense expression suggested an unrest at variance with the keen calmness of that of the other faces about the streets and doorways. Not that it was feverish in its intensity; rather, it was an expression of resolution, undeviating and persistent, but not sure of sympathy or support.

"They've gone down yonder, t'other side of the wharf, Mis' Pember," said a middle-aged sea-captain, whose interest in his kind had not been obliterated by the forced loneliness of northern voyages.

The woman paused and glanced doubtfully down one of the by-ways that led between small, weather-beaten houses and around disconcerting abutments to the water, and then forward, along the way she had been traveling, which led out of the town.

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"I'd rather fixed on their going down Point-ways this evening," she said.

"Well, they ain't," rejoined Captain Phippeny, with that absence of mere rhetoric characteristic of people whose solid work is done otherwise than by speech.

Mrs. Pember nodded, at once in acknowledgment and farewell, and, turning about, followed the path he had indicated, her gait acquiring a certain precipitancy as she went down the rough, stony slope. At the foot of the descent she paused again, and looked to the right and left. Captain Phippeny was watching her from his vantage ground above. His figure was unmistakably one of the seaboard. His trousers were of a singular cut, probably after a pattern evolved in all its originality by Mrs. Phippeny, her active imagination working toward practical effect. In addition he wore a yellow flannel shirt ribbed with purple, which would hopelessly have jaundiced a rose-leaf complexion, but which, having exhausted its malignancy without producing any particular effect, ended by gently harmonizing with the Captain's sandy hair, reddish beard and tanned skin. His mouth was like a badly made buttonhole, which gaped a little when he smiled. He had a nose like a parrot's beak, and his eyes were blue, kindly, and wise in their straightforwardness. When he would render his costume absolutely correct he wore a leathern jacket with manifold pockets, from one to another of which trailed a gold watch chain with a dangling horseshoe charm.

"I wonder the old woman don't take a dog with her and trace 'em out, she spends so much time on the hunt," he said to himself. "I declare for't, it's a sing'lar thing the way she everlastin' does get onto them 'prentices."

His quid of tobacco again resumed its claim to his undivided attention, and he leaned back against the fence and waited as idly as the drooping sails for a breath of something stirring. By-and-by it appeared in the shape of another old and rugged sailor.

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"You told her where they'd gone, I reckon," he remarked with a slight chuckle, as he, too, leaned up against the fence.

"Yes, I did," replied Captain Phippeny. "I didn't have no call to tell her a lie."

"Kinder hard on the young uns," observed the newcomer.

"They ain't ever anythin' as hard on the young uns as on the old uns," asserted Captain Phippeny, "because—well, because they're young, I guess. That's Chivey's yacht that came in at sundown, ain't it?"

"Yare. They say she's seen dirty weather since she was here last."

"Has? Well, you can't stay in harbor allers, and git your livin' at the same time."

There was a pause. The soft twilight was battening down the hatches of the day, to drop into the parlance of the locality.

"Wall, I do suppose old Pember warn't an easy shipmate, blow or no blow," observed Captain Smart. He was a small, keen-eyed, quickly moving old man.

"I reckon he warn't. And she thinks she can keep that girl of hers out of the same kind of discipline that she had to take."

"Cur'ous, ain't it?" ruminated Captain Smart. "A woman's bound to take it one way or 'nother; there seems to be more sorts of belayin' pins to knock 'em over with than they, any on 'em, kinder cal'late on at first."

"So there be," assented Captain Phippeny.

Near the water, with its fading rose-colored reflections, not so far from the anchored vessels but they might, had they chosen, have spoken across to those on board, the monotonous, austere, and yet vaguely soft gray of the old town rising behind them against the melting sky, sat Mellony Pember and Ira Baldwin.

"If you'd only make up your mind, Mellony," urged the young man.

"I can't, Ira; don't ask me." The young girl's face, which was delicate in outline, was troubled, and the sensitive curves of her lips trembled. The faded blue of her dress harmonized with the soft tones of the scene; her hat lay beside her, an uncurled, articulated ostrich feather standing up in it like an exclamation point of brilliant red.

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The young man pulled his hat over his eyes and looked over to the nearest boat. Mellony glanced at him timidly.

"You see, I'm all she's got," she said.

"I ain't goin' to take you away from her, unless you want to go," he replied, without looking at her.

"She thinks I'll be happier if I don't—if I don't marry."

"Happier!"—he paused in scorn—"and she badgerin' you all the time if you take a walk with me, and watchin' us as if we were thieves! You ain't happy now, are you?"

"No." Mellony's eyes filled, and a sigh became almost a sob.

"Well, I wish she'd give me a try at makin' you happy, that's all." His would-be sulkiness softened into a tender sense of injury. Mellony twisted her hands together, and looked over beyond the vessels to the long, narrow neck of land with its clustering houses, beyond which were booming the waves of the Atlantic.

"Oh, if I only knew what to do!" she exclaimed, "if I only knew what to do!"

"I'll tell you what to do, Mellony."

"There's ma, now," she interrupted.

Ira turned quickly and looked over his shoulder. Across the uneven ground, straight toward them, came the figure of Mrs. Pember. The tenseness of her expression had further yielded to resolution, which had in turn taken on a stolidity which declared itself unassailable. No one of the three spoke as she seated herself on a bit of timber near them, and, folding her hands, waited with the immobility and the apparent impartiality of Fate itself. At last Mellony spoke, for of the three she was the most acutely sensitive to the situation.

"Which way did you come, ma?"

"I come down Rosaly's Lane," Mrs. Pember answered. "I met Cap'n Phippeny, and he told me you was down here."

"I'm obligated to Cap'n Phippeny," observed Ira bitterly.

"I dunno as he's partickler to have you," remarked Mrs. Pember imperturbably.

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There was another silence. Mrs. Pember's voice had a marked sweetness when she spoke to her daughter, which it lost entirely when she addressed her daughter's companion, but it was always penetrated by the timbre of a certain inflexibility.

The shadows grew deeper on the water, the glow-worms of lanterns glimmered more sharply, and the softness of the night grew more palpable.

"I guess I may as well go back, ma."

"I was wonderin' when you cal'lated on going," remarked her mother, as she rose too, more slowly and stiffly.

"I suppose you was afraid Mellony wouldn't get back safe without you came after her," broke out Ira.

"I guess I can look after Mellony better than anybody else can, and I count on doing it, and doing it right along," she replied.

"Come, ma," said Mellony impatiently; but she waited a moment and let her mother pass her, while she looked back at Ira, who stood angrily kicking at the timbers.

"Are you coming, too, Ira?" she asked.

"No," he exclaimed, "I ain't coming! I don't want to go along back with your mother and you, as if we weren't old enough to be out by ourselves. I might as well be handcuffed, and so might you! If you'll come with me the way we came, and let her go the way she came, I'll go with you."

Mellony's eyes grew wet again, as she looked from him to her mother, and again at him. Mrs. Pember had paused also, and stood a little in advance of them. Her stolidity showed no anxiety; she was too sure of the result.

"No," Mellony's lips framed the words with an accustomed but grievous patience, "I can't to-night, Ira. I must go with ma."

"It's to-night that'll be the last chance there'll be, maybe," he muttered, as he flung himself off in the other direction.

The two women walked together up the rough ascent, and turned into Rosaly's Lane. Mellony walked wearily, her eyes down, the red feather, in its uncurled, unlovely assertiveness, looking more like the oriflamme of a forlorn hope than ever. But Mrs. Pember held herself erect, and as if she were obliged carefully to repress what might have been the signs of an ill-judged triumph.

Ira prolonged his walk beyond the limits of the little gray town, goaded by irritating pricks of resentment. He would bear it no longer, so he told himself. Mellony could take him or leave him. He would be a laughing-stock not another week, not another day. If Mellony would not assert herself against her tyrannical old mother, he would go away and leave her! And then he paused, as he had paused so often in the flood of his anger, faced by the realization that this was just what Mrs. Pember wanted, just what would satisfy her, what she had been waiting for, that he should go away and leave Mellony alone. It was an exasperating dilemma, his abdication and her triumph, or his uncertainty and her anxiety.

Mellony and her mother passed Captain Phippeny and Captain Smart, who still stood talking in the summer evening, the fence continuing to supply all the support their stalwart frames needed in this their hour of ease. Captain Smart nudged Captain Phippeny as the two figures turned the corner.

"So you found 'em, Mis' Pember," remarked Captain Phippeny. He spoke to the mother, but he looked, not without sympathy, at the daughter.

"Yes, I found 'em."

"You reckoned on fetchin' only one of 'em home, I take it," said Captain Smart.

"I ain't responsible but for one of 'em," replied Mrs. Pember with some grimness, but with her eyes averted from Mellony's crimsoning face.

"Come, ma," said Mellony again.

"Mis' Pember is a likely enough lookin' woman herself," observed Captain Smart; "it's kind of cur'ous she should be so set agen marryin', just as marryin'."

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Without speaking Mellony and her mother entered the little house where they lived, and the young girl sank down in the stiff, high-backed rocker, with its thin calico-covered cushion tied with red braid, that stood by the window. Outside the summer night buzzed, and hummed, and breathed sweet odors. Mrs. Pember moved about the room, slightly altering its arrangements, now and then looking at her daughter half furtively, as if waiting for her to speak; but Mellony's head was not turned from the open window, and she was utterly silent. At last this immobility had a sympathetic effect upon the mother, and she seated herself not far from the girl, her hands, with their prominent knuckles and shrunken flesh, folded in unaccustomed idleness, and waited while in the room dusk grew to dark. To Mellony the hour was filled with suggestions that emphasized and defined her misery. In her not turbulent or passionate nature, the acme of its capacity for emotional suffering had been reached. Hitherto this suffering had been of the perplexed, patient, submissive kind; to-night the beauty of the softly descending gloom, the freedom of the placid harbor, the revolt of her usually yielding lover deepened it into something acute.

"Mellony," asked her mother, with a touch of that timidity which appeared only in her speech with her daughter, "did you count on going over to the Neck to-morrow?"

"I'll never try to count on doing anything again," said Mellony, in a voice she tried to make cold and even, but which vibrated notwithstanding, "never, so long as I live. I'll never think, nor plan, nor—nor speak, if I can help it—of what I mean to do. I'll never do anything but just work and shut my eyes and—and live, if I've got to!" Her voice broke, and she turned her head away from the open window and looked straight before her into the shadowed room. Her mother moved uneasily, and her knotted hands grasped the arms of the stiff chair.

"Mellony," she said, "you've no call to talk so."

"I've no call to talk at all. I've no place anywhere. I'm not anybody. I haven't any life of my own." The keen brutality of the thoughtlessness of youth, and its ignoring of all the claims but those of its own happiness, came oddly from the lips of submissive Mellony. Mrs Pember quivered under it.

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"You know you're my girl, Mellony," she answered gently. "You're all I've got."

"Yes," the other answered indifferently, "that's all I am—Mellony Pember, Mrs. Pember's girl—just that."

"Ain't that enough? Ain't that something to be—all I plan for and work for? Ain't that enough for a girl to be?"

Mellony turned her eyes from emptiness, and fixed them upon her mother's face.

"Is that all you've been," she asked, "just somebody's daughter?"

It was as if a heavy weight fell from her lips and settled upon her mother's heart. There was a silence. Mellony's eyes, though she could not see them, seemed to Mrs. Pember to demand an answer in an imperative fashion unlike their usual mildness.

"It's because I've been—it's because I'd save you from what I have been that I—do as I do. You know that," she said.

"I don't want to be saved," returned the other quickly and sharply.

The older woman was faced by a situation she had never dreamed of—a demand to be allowed to suffer!

"I want you to have a happy life."

"A happy life!" flashed the girl. "And you're keeping me from any life at all! That's what I want—life, my own life, not what anybody else gives me of theirs. Why shouldn't I have what they have, even if it's bad now and then? Don't save me in spite of myself! Nobody likes to be saved in spite of themselves."

It was a long speech for Mellony. A large moon had risen, and from the low horizon sent golden shafts of light almost into the room; it was as if the placidity of the night were suddenly penetrated by something more glowing. Mellony stood looking down at her mother like a judge. Mrs. Pember gazed at her steadily, unflinchingly.

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"I'm going to save you, Mellony," she said, her indomitable will making her voice harsher than it had been, "whether you want to be saved or not. I'm not going to have you marry, and be sworn at and cuffed." Mellony moved to protest, but her strength was futility beside her mother's at a time like this. "I'm not going to have you slave and grub, and get blows for your pains. I'm going to follow you about and set wherever you be, whenever you go off with Ira Baldwin, if that'll stop it; and if that won't, I'll try some other way—I know other ways. I'm not going to have you marry!"

With a slight gesture of despair Mellony turned away. The flash had burned itself out. The stronger nature had reasserted itself. Silently, feeling her helplessness, frightened at her own rebellion, now that it was over, she went out of the room.

Mrs. Pember sat silent in her turn, reviewing her daughter's resentment, but the matter admitted no modifications in her mind; her duty was clear, and her determination had been taken long ago. Neither did she fear anything like persistent opposition; she knew her daughter's submissive nature.

Brought up in a country village, an earnest and somewhat apprehensive member of the church, Mrs. Pember had married early in life, under what she had since grown to consider a systematic illusion conceived and maintained by the Evil One, but which was, perhaps, more logically due to the disconcerting good looks and decorously restrained impetuosity of Captain Pember himself. Possibly he, too, had been the victim of an illusion, not believing that austerity of principle could exist with such bright eyes and red cheeks as charmed him in the country girl. At least, he never hesitated subsequently, not only to imply, but to state baldly, a sense of the existence of injury. Captain Phippeny was one of those sailors whom the change of scene, the wide knowledge of men and of things, the hardships and dangers of a sea life, broaden and render tolerant and somewhat wise. Captain Pember had been brutalized by them.

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Mrs. Pember always looked back at the ten years of her married life with a shudder. With the rigid training of her somewhat dogmatic communion still potent, she now listened in a horrified expectancy, rather actual than figurative, for the heavens to strike or the earth to swallow up her nonchalant husband. Nor was this all.

The weakness for grog, unfortunately supposed to be inherent in a nautical existence, was carried by Captain Pember to an extent inconsiderate even in the eyes of a seafaring public; and when, under its vile influence, he knocked his wife down and tormented Mellony, the opinion of this same public declared itself on the side of the victims with a unanimity which is not always to be counted upon in such cases. In fact, her married life had, as it were, formalized many hitherto somewhat vague details of Mrs. Pember's conception of the place of future punishment; when her husband died as the result of a brawl, he continued to mitigate the relief of the event by leaving in his wife's heart a haunting fear, that perhaps she ought not to be so unmistakably glad of it.

So, with Mellony's growth from childhood to womanhood, the burning regret for her former unmarried state had now become a no less burning resolve that her child should never suffer as she had suffered, but should be guarded from matrimony as from death. That she failed to distinguish between individuals, that she failed to see that young Baldwin was destitute of those traits which her sharpened vision would now have detected in Pember's youth, was both the fault of her perceptive qualities and the fruit of her impregnable resolve. She had been hurt by Mellony's rebellion, but not influenced by so much as a hair's breadth.

Early one morning, two or three days later, Mrs. Pember, lying awake waiting for the light to grow brighter that she might begin her day, heard a slight sound outside, of a certain incisiveness out of proportion to its volume. With an idleness that visited her only at early daybreak, she wondered what it was. It was repeated, and this time, moved by an inconsistent curiosity blended with the recognition of its probable cause,

she rose and looked out of the window which was close to the head of her bed. A little pier was a stone's throw from the house on that side, at which were moored several boats belonging to the fishermen about. It was as she thought: a stooping figure, dim and hazy in the morning fog, which blurred the nearest outlines and veiled the more distant, was untying one of the boats.

"Going fishing early," she said to herself. "I wonder which of 'em it is. They are all alike in this light."

Then she stood and looked out upon the morning world. It would soon be sunrise. Meanwhile, the earth was silent save for the soft rippling of the untired waves that scarcely rose and fell in this sheltered harbor; the land had been at rest through the short night, but they had climbed and lapsed again steadily through its hours; the stars would soon have faded into the haze.

Softly the boat floated away from its moorings. It seemed propelled without effort, so quietly it slipped through the water. In the bottom lay the sail and the nets, a shadowy mass; the boat itself was little more than a shadow, as it glided on into the thicker fog which received and enveloped it, as into an unknown vague future which concealed and yet held promise and welcome. Mrs. Pember glanced at the clock. It was very early, but to go back to bed was hardly worth while. The sun was already beginning to glint through the fog. She dressed, and, passing the door of the room where Mellony slept, began to make the fire.

The morning broadened and blazed into the day, and the whole town was making ready for its breakfast. Mellony was later than usual—her mother did not hear her moving about even; but she was unwilling to disturb her; she would wait a while longer before calling her. At last, however, the conviction of the immorality of late rising could no longer be ignored, and she softly turned the knob of Mellony's door.

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She had been mistaken in supposing that Mellony was asleep; the girl must have risen early and slipped out, for the room was empty, and Mrs. Pember paused, surprised that she had not heard her go. It must have been while she was getting kindling-wood in the yard that Mellony had left by the street door. And what could she have wanted so early in the village?—for to the village she must have gone; she was nowhere about the little place, whose flatness dropped, treeless, to the shore. Her mother went again to the kitchen and glanced up and down the waterside. There was no one on the little wooden pier, and the boats swung gently by its side, their own among them, so Mellony had not gone out in that. Yes, she must have gone to the village, and Mrs. Pember opened the front door and scanned the wandering little street. It was almost empty.

With the vague uneasiness that unaccustomed and unexplained absence always produces, but with no actual apprehension, Mrs. Pember went back to her work. Mellony had certain mild whims of her own, but it was surprising that she should have left her room in disorder, the bed unmade; that was not like her studious neatness. With a certain grimness Mrs. Pember ate her breakfast alone. Of course, no harm had come to Mellony, but where was she? Unacknowledged, the shadow of Ira Baldwin fell across her wonder. Had Mellony cared so much for him that her disappointment had driven her to something wild and fatal? She did not ask the question, but her lips grew white and stiff at the faintest suggestion of it. Several times she went to the door, meaning to go out and up the street to look for her daughter, but something withheld her.

It was quite nine o'clock when she saw Captain Phippeny coming up the street. She stood still and watched him approach. His gait was more rolling than ever, as he came slowly toward her, and he glanced furtively ahead at her house, and then dropped his eyes and pretended not to have seen her. She grew impatient to have him reach her, but she only pressed her lips together and stood the more rigidly still. At last he stood in front of her door-stone, his hat in his hand. The yellow shirt and the leathern jacket were more audacious than ever, but doubt and irresolution, in every turn of his blue eyes and line of his weather-beaten face, had taken the place of kindliness.

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"It's a warm mornin', Mis' Pember," he observed, more disconcerted than ever by her unsmiling alertness.

"You came a good ways to tell me that, Captain Phippeny."

"Yes, I did. Leastways, I didn't," he responded. "I come to tell you about—Mellony."

"What about Mellony, Captain Phippeny?" she demanded, pale, but uncompromising. "What have you got to tell me about Mellony Pember?" she reiterated.

"Not Mellony Pember," gasped the Captain, a three-cornered smile trying to make headway against his embarrassment as he recalled the ancient tale of breaking the news to the Widow Smith—"Mellony Baldwin."

"Mellony Baldwin!" repeated Mrs. Pember stonily, not yet fully comprehending.

The Captain grew more and more nervous.

"Yes," he proceeded with the haste of despair, "yes, Mis' Pember, you see Mellony—Mellony's gone and got married."

"Mellony married!" Strangely enough she had not thought of that. She grasped the doorpost for support.

"Yes, she up and married him," went on the Captain more blithely. "I hardly thought it of Mellony," he added in not unpleasurable reflection, "nor yet of Ira."

"Nor I, either." Mrs. Pember's lips moved with difficulty. Mellony married! The structure reared with tears and prayers, the structure of Mellony's happiness, seemed to crumble before her eyes.

"And I was to give you this"; and from the lining of his hat the Captain drew forth a folded paper.

"Then you knew about it?" said Mrs. Pember, in a flash of cold wrath.

"No, no, I didn't. My daughter's boy brought this to me, and I was to tell you they was married. And why they set the job onto me the Lord He only knows!" and Captain Phippeny wiped his heated forehead with feeling; "but that's all I know."

Slowly, her fingers trembling, she unfolded the note.

"I have married Ira, mother," she read. "He took me away in a boat early this morning. It was the only way. I will come back when you want me. If I am to be unhappy, I'd rather be unhappy this way. I can't be unhappy your way any longer. I'm sorry to go against you, mother; but it's my life, after all, mother, not yours. Mellony."

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As Mrs. Pember's hands fell to her side and the note slipped from her fingers, the daily tragedy of her married life seemed to pass before her eyes. She saw Captain Pember reel into the house; she shuddered at his blasphemy; she felt the sting of the first blow he had given her; she cowered as he roughly shook Mellony's little frame.

"She'd better be dead!" she murmured. "I wish she was dead."

Captain Phippeny pulled himself together. "No, she hadn't—no, you don't, Mis' Pember," he declared stoutly. "You're making a mistake. You don't want to see Mellony dead any more'n I do. She's only got married, when all's said and done, and there's a sight of folks gets married and none the worse for it. Ira Baldwin ain't any great shakes—I dunno as he is; he's kinder light complected and soft spoken—but he ain't a born fool, and that's a good deal, Mis' Pember." He paused impressively, but she did not speak. "And he ain't goin' to beat Mellony, either; he ain't that sort. I guess Mellony could tackle him, if it came to that, anyhow. I tell you, Mis' Pember, there's one thing you don't take no reckonin' on—there's a difference in husbands, there's a ter'ble difference in 'em!" Mrs. Pember looked at him vaguely. Why did he go on talking? Mellony was married. "Mellony's got one kind, and you—well," he went on, with cautious delicacy, "somehow you got another. I tell you it's husbands as makes the difference to a woman."

Mrs. Pember stopped, picked up the note, turned and walked into the living-room and sat down. She looked about her with that sense of unreality that visits us at times. There was the chair in which Mellony sat the night of her rebellious outbreak—Mellony, her daughter, her married daughter. Other women talked about their "married daughters" easily enough, and she had pitied them; now she would have to talk so, too. She felt unutterably lonely. Her household, like her hope, was shattered. She looked up and saw that Captain Phippeny had followed her in and was standing before her.

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"Mis' Pember," he said, "I thought mebbe, now Mellony was married, you'd be thinkin' of matrimony yourself agen." As Mrs. Pember gazed at him dumbly it seemed as if she must all at once have become another person. Matrimony had suddenly become domesticated, as it were. Her eyes traveled over the horseshoe charm and the long gold chain, as she listened, and from pocket to pocket. "And I wanted to say that I'd like to have you think of me, if you was making out the papers for another v'yage. The first mate I sailed with, she says to me when she died, 'You've been a good husband, Phippeny,' says she. I wouldn't say anythin' to you, I wouldn't take the resk, if she hadn't said that to me, Mis' Pember, and I'm tellin' it to you now because there's such a difference; and I feel encouraged by it to ask you to try me. I'd like you to marry me, Mis' Pember."

It was a long speech, and the Captain was near to suffocation when it was finished, but he watched her with anxious keenness as he waited for her to reply. The stern lines of her mouth relaxed slowly. A brilliant red geranium in the window glowed in the sunlight which had just reached it. The world was not all dark. The room seemed less lonely with the Captain in it, as she glanced around it a second time. She scanned his face; the buttonhole of a mouth had a kindly twist; he did not look in the least like handsome Dick Pember. Mellony had married, and her world was in fragments, and something must come after.

"I never heard as you weren't a good husband to Mis' Phippeny," she said calmly, "and I dunno as anybody 'll make any objection if I marry you, Captain Phippeny, so—I'll marry you."—From A Christmas Accident and Other Stories, published by A. S. Barnes and Company.

Euphemy

THE NEW BOARDER AT THE WORDENS'

By Ella Higginson

"EPHRUM!"

Ephraim gave a start.

"How?"

"I don't see's we can get along without takin' a boarder in."

"How?"

"I say I don't see's we can get along without takin' a boarder in."

"Oh!"

Ephraim stooped over the washbench again.

"Ephrum," said his mother sternly, from her great chair near the window, "don't choo slush the water around so. You always slush it around so. Euphemy takes an' mops up the floor after you ev'ry time you wash."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Euphemy cheerfully. She was flying about the big kitchen, lightly setting the dinner on the table. "Your maw an' me's been talkin' it all over, Ephrum—about the boarder, I mean. Skillingses have took one in, an' Mis' Skillings was here this mornin', she says it helps out like ev'rything."

"That so?" said Ephraim.

He ran his fingers through his moist hair and sat down at the table, pulling his chair up with a squeak. Euphemy wheeled his mother's chair to the table.

"I don't see's we'd ever get that mortgage paid off at this rate, Ephrum. A boarder an' lodger 'u'd pay twenty dollars a month, an' 'u'd be most all clear gain, we got so many eggs an' vegetables, an' so much cream an' butter goin' to waste."

"Hunh!" said Ephraim.

Then Euphemy settled down to her dinner softly, like a bird to its nest. She began to talk of something else. She was a wise young woman, and she knew how to manage her cousin Ephraim and bring him around.

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"Your elbow's better, ain't it, Aunt Charlotte? I see you can use it some."

Mrs. Worden's countenance fell.

"Oh, yes, it's better now," she said in a mournful tone; "but no knowin' when it'll go to actin' up ag'in. Between it an' my knee! One of 'em has to start up ev'ry once in so often, or it wouldn't be them. Didn't you have time to clean your lamp-flues afore dinner, Euphemy?"

"Yes, I could of," said Euphemy, with a guilty look, "but I went out to get the dandyline greens, an' got to findin' four-leaf clovers. I found seventeen. I could of, if it hadn't been for that."

"Well, if you had of, you'd of got through with your work that much sooner this afternoon. I never see."

"Who'd you take in?" asked Ephraim suddenly. Euphemy looked puzzled.

"How, Ephrum?"

"I say, who'd you take in to board?"

"Oh!" The small dissembler deliberated a moment with drawn brows. Then her face cleared. "Why, how about that young lady that's teachin' in the red schoolhouse? I did hear she wanted a boardin' place like everything. She pays twenty dollars, too."

"Her that come into church last Sunday with her hair frizzled all over her head, and them big red hollyhocks a danglin' all around the brim o' her hat——"

"Poppies, Ephrum. Poppies is all the style now. Yes; that was her."

"Well, then, we don't want her." Ephraim glared at her. "She had got up herself like a actress or a circus-rider. I wonder the trustees has her! I like a neat, modest, well-behaved woman around me."

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Euphemy blushed faintly, accepting this as a compliment to herself. She and Ephraim were engaged. She had a slim, neat figure, but her face was exceedingly plain, with the exception of her eyes, which were sweet and wistful. Her soft brown hair went away from her face in little prim, even waves that ended in a knot at the back of her head.

"Land of love!" said Mrs. Worden, in a muffled tone. "Somebody's a-knockin'. Who d' you s'pose it is at this time o' day? This tablecloth ain't overly clean, Euphemy, but you'll have to bring 'em right in, I guess. Button up your wris'band, Ephrum. I wish we had more of a dinner. If it's Mis' Dean, she'll see everything that's on the table, an' ev'rything that ought to be on an' ain't, all at one look. Go, Euphemy."

Euphemy went at once. In the old gray frame of the door was a picture of loveliness, with the pale green of the orchard for a background; a young woman all fluffs, and frizzles, and red poppies, and dimples. She came in smiling, her eyes on Ephraim, who colored to the roots of his hair.

"I heard you were thinking of taking a boarder," she said to his mother, but still keeping her eyes on him. "I do wish you'd take me. I won't be a bit of trouble—really and truly." She cast down her long lashes demurely.

Euphemy looked at Ephraim in a kind of terror, fully expecting that he would annihilate this audacious young person with one of his awful glances, before which she herself invariably quailed.

To her amazement he said:

"Well, set right down an' have a bite o' dinner. We'll talk it over. Set a place, Euphemy."

Mrs. Worden blushed across her eyes.

"We ain't got much of a dinner to-day," she said, with a sickly smile. "It's jest a picked-up dinner—scridlin's, I may say. We'd always give you a better'n this if you boarded here. Euphemy 'ud fairly hump herself to see that ev'rything was up to the top notch. Your name is Sadie Milne, ain't it? This is my son. He expects to be one o' the trustees next term," she added with an air of pride. "His father was one afore him. Yes, we've been a-talkin' about takin' a boarder in, but I do' know"—she looked the young woman over furtively—"we ain't much on style here. We have good plain victuals, an' Euphemy's a good cook—season with butter and thicken with cream! That's my receipt for a good cook—but we ain't much on style. We never was much on it."

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"I'm not, either," said the young woman, letting two dimples come out to enjoy the fib. "This dinner is good enough for me. My, what cream! I saw you at church Sunday," she said to Ephraim. "You sat behind me. I'd have known you anywhere again. You were so—so different, you know, from all the other men."

A glow like the sunset spread over Ephraim's face. He swallowed some potato so suddenly that he almost choked. His mother took a mental inventory of his charms with a dazed air. "How different?" she demanded, while Euphemy thrilled and quivered with pride.

The teacher blushed and toyed with a bit of bread, squeezing it into a small cube.

"Oh, I—don't know," she faltered. "He is so—so—distinguished looking—and so—er—I thought he was a State Senator," she concluded lamely, quite overcome with confusion, but finding strength to give Ephraim one brief and eloquent look.

There was a great silence. Euphemy could do nothing but look at him with all her love and pride in her tender eyes.

At last his mother said:

"Well—I'm—sure." There was another silence. "Well—I'm—sure. He could have been one if he'd wanted to, I guess." Her chest swelled out proudly. "His gran'father was one. It ain't too late. Well, Ephrum, what you got to say? Do you want to take a boarder in? I guess Miss Milne wants to know right off."

"I'd just as soon," mumbled Ephraim, with a shamefaced air, looking down.

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"What-a say, Ephrum? I didn't hear you. Why can't you speak up loud?"

Ephraim lifted up his voice.

"I say I'd just as soon."

"Well, then, that's settled," said the young woman, putting one arm akimbo, and eating her rice pudding with a dainty satisfaction. "I'll have my things sent over to-night, and I'll be here in time for supper."

Euphemy looked askance at the bended arm, then at Ephraim. An arm akimbo was dreadful, surely, at any time, in her gentle judgment, but at the table—what would Ephraim do?

Ephraim did nothing.

When she was gone he picked up his hat and said:

"She ain't as bad as I thought she was. She's just young and childish-like, I guess. She's real nice spoken."

"Ephrum," said his mother, "you're a fool, if there ever was one."

Just before supper that evening Euphemy, running out on the back porch for something, swiftly and lightly as she always went, came upon Ephraim standing with his face close to a little wavy mirror that hung over the washbench. He was holding his head well back, with his throat swelled out grandly and the look of an eagle in his eye.

"Why, Ephrum!" she said, stopping abruptly. "What are you a-doin'?"

His fine feathers fell as he faced her honest, astonished eyes. He colored clear around to the back of his neck.

"Oh, nothin'," he replied, with a sheepish air. "I—was just a-wonderin' if I hadn't best shave."

"Shave!" she repeated innocently. "Why, what for? This ain't Saturday night, Ephrum."

"No, I know it ain't Saturday night, Euphemy, but I thought—mebbe——"

He hesitated, and was plainly embarrassed.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from A Forest Orchid, a collection of delightful short stories by Ella Higginson, published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"Mebbe what, Ephrum?" She was still regarding him with astonished eyes.

"Why, I didn't know but what—mebbe—I'd best shave twice a week. I didn't know——"

"Why, you never have, have you, Ephrum?"

"No, I never have," he replied with a kind of fierce impatience. "I just thought mebbe I'd best, that's all."

Euphemy pondered silently.

"You wasn't thinkin' of goin' anywheres, was you, Ephrum?"

"No, I wasn't thinkin' of goin' anywheres, Euphemy," he responded irascibly.

She sighed helplessly.

"Well, I don't see what on earth put shavin' into your head, Ephrum, on a Wednesday night. Of course, you can shave if you want to, but if your mother or me had of wanted you to shave on a Wednesday night you couldn't of been druv to do it. So I can't see."

Evidently Ephraim saw, for he came to the supper table with a clean, blue upper lip. His hair was brushed carefully, and his wristbands were both buttoned.

Always on summer evenings Ephraim sat on the front steps smoking his pipe; and when Euphemy had washed the dishes, strained the milk, and assisted his almost helpless mother to bed, she usually had a few delicious moments to spare when she could go out and sit beside him, resting one tired arm upon his knee, and be happy.

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That night there were more dishes to wash than usual. It was late when she went out into the sweet, cool night, only to find the young teacher stretched luxuriously in her hammock, which Ephraim had swung for her that evening between the wall and a porch pillar. She nestled among many cushions, with her pretty arms thrown back above her head, and one slim foot, in a scarlet slipper, hanging over the edge of the hammock.

Euphemy stood motionless.

"W'y, Ephrum! You ain't a-smokin'!"

"No," said Ephraim.

"W'y, w'y ain't you?"

"Oh, because."

"Because what, Ephrum? What ailded you to-night?"

"Oh, nothin' ailded me, Euphemy. I didn't want to, that's all."

Oh, the problems that one day may bring forth! Euphemy stood with her arms hanging stiffly by her sides. The very earth seemed to be slipping from under her. Ephraim with a blue upper lip in the middle of the week, and Ephraim on the front steps without a pipe in his mouth!

At last she said, with a sound of tears in her voice, "Oh, Ephrum, you must of been feelin' sick. Be you a-goin' to have a fever again?"

"Oh, Lord—no!" said Ephraim. "I wish you wouldn't pester so! What makes you pester so, Euphemy?"

"Euphemy," called a stern voice from an open window above them, "you come up here, will you?"

She went wearily up to her aunt's room. The lady was sitting up in bed with a gray quilt around her. A candle spluttered on a little table at the head of the bed. Her eyes were large with curiosity.

"What was you an' Ephrum a-talkin' about down there so loud?"

"Why, he wasn't smokin', an' I thought he must of been feelin' sick."

"An' was he?"

"No. He flared all up because I asked him. I can't see what ailded him. It kind of scared me for fear there was somethin' the matter with him. He never shaved before on Wednesday."

"I guess there ain't much the matter with him, Euphemy. I wouldn't go to gittin' scairt, if I was you. There aint a man alive that's worth a girl like you gittin' scairt about. Mebbe," she added cautiously, "the teacher don't like tobacco smoke."

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"Oh, Ephrum 'u'd never of stopped for that, Aunt Charlotte. I didn't use to like it, either. Don't you remember when I first come here it used to make me awful sick, but he went right on smokin'."

"Yes, I remember." The old woman had a habit of laying the bony fingers of her right hand in the hollows between the knuckles of the left when she was vexed or perplexed. She did this now, fitting them in carefully and then looking down at them without seeing them. Her hard old face softened to a sort of pitying tenderness for the girl.

"Euphemy," she said, "come here."

The girl obeyed with a look of gentle wonder. Her aunt stretched out her trembling hands and took hold of those slim young wrists.

"Euphemy," she said, "I love you better'n I love Ephrum—better'n I love anything on earth. I'm old an' palsied, an' a hard life's made me bitter and sour, but you've done all the work and waited on me faithful for six years. Ephrum talked big about givin' you a home when your paw died, but Lord A'mighty knows you've earned six homes since you've been here. You've done all the work, an' took keer o' the milk, an' made the butter, an' you've worked out 'n the field a-droppin' potatoes, an' done all kinds o' Tom, Dick an' Harry work. To cap it all, I've been cross and crabbed—but you've never give me a backsass word. So I just thought I'd like to tell you I loved you an' kiss you good-night."

The girl toppled forward stiffly into that bristly embrace, touched, but irresponsive through sheer surprise. Her aunt had never kissed her. When she had come, a pale, starved-hearted orphan, into her new home, her aunt, who happened to be stirring corn-meal mush in a big kettle on the stove, looked at her over her shoulder.

"That choo, Euphemy?" she said. She had never seen the child. "You look like your maw did. Well, take off your things an' lay 'em on the table. I can't leave this here mush right now—it's splutterin' so. Be you all tired out?"

"Oh, no," Euphemy had replied, with a faint smile and a chill like death in her heart. She had felt so desolately lonely.

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Nor had Ephraim ever kissed her—not even when she had promised to marry him with a rush of happiness that had shaken her frail little body like a leaf. At first she was always thinking he would, and she used to loiter on the way home from church on dark Sunday evenings with her hand through his arm. But he walked on, holding himself stiff and erect, with his chin in the air, pulling her grimly along beside him, or if she loitered too insistently, sticking his arm out at right angles as an intimation that she might let go and stay behind if she couldn't keep up with him. One dark night she made sure he was going to kiss her at last. They had reached the porch, and she stood close beside him while he fumbled with the key in the lock, being unable to make it turn. Finally he stopped, and turning his face toward her, said, in a low tone, "Euphemy!"

She thrilled and trembled. "Yes, Ephrum," she whispered. She slipped her hand encouragingly on his arm and lifted her face a little nearer to his. "What is it, Ephrum?"

"What in the old Harry's the matter of this keyhole? Stand over, can't choo, an' give me more elbow-room, or I'll never make this key turn to-night."

After that she had given up all hope of his kissing her, and had settled down uncomplainingly to wait on him and his mother. One by one her sweet girlish dreams had deserted her. She told herself sternly that kisses were childish things; Ephraim was above them. It was quite enough joy for any girl to be loved by Ephraim, to be daily hemming cloths for Ephraim's table, and sheets for Ephraim's bed. If, now and then, on one of those white, silent summer nights, when the whole world seemed to be aching with love and ecstasy, there arose in her heart a wish—so strong that it was like a passionate cry—that Ephraim were not above kisses and tender ways, she sprang up in her white couch in terror and commenced telling off the rosary of his virtues.

So her aunt's kiss was the first she had known since her mother died, years ago.

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"I'd go right to bed, if I was you, Euphemy, an' git a good night's rest. You look all fagged out. You ain't a-goin' to work so hard for that bifalutin' thing with them red poppies all around the rim of her hat. You ought to have see her a-standin' in front of the glass a-primpin' up for supper! You'd laugh. I say you shan't work so for her, Euphemy—I don't care how many mortgages we got on our house. Now, you go to bed. I would if I was you."

When the girl had gone the old woman blew out the candle, snuffed it, and lay down heavily, pulling the bed-covers up to her chin. Then she spoke out, quite loudly and distinctly. "Ephrum's a fool," she said, "if there ever was one."

As the summer passed on Euphemy's problems increased. Ephraim amazed her with his "infinite varieties."

"He does just the things you don't expect him to do," she thought, one Sunday morning, as he walked briskly away to church with the teacher's red poppies shining at his shoulder. "I ust to beseech an' beseech him to go to 'leven-o'clock service with me, an' he wouldn't budge an inch. This makes the fourth time he's went right hand-a-runnin'—an' I've got so much more work I can't go along of 'em. It bents me."

She grew vaguely troubled. She did not suspect the truth, and her aunt was afraid to enlighten her. But she felt that something had come between Ephraim and herself; nothing that could be put into words—but still something. Ephraim shaving twice a week, brushing his hair carefully before each meal, and keeping his wristbands buttoned; Ephraim sitting on the front porch till midnight with no one but that scatter-brained teacher for company—poor Euphemy being kept so busy all day getting the mortgage off the house, that night found her so tired that she was forced to go to bed with the birds; and Ephraim loitering—actually loitering!—on the way home from church—these were problems of such complexity that she was forced to give them up.

One evening Euphemy assisted her aunt to bed earlier than usual, bathing her poor shaking arms with liniment until she fell asleep under the gentle massage. She never went downstairs now after getting her aunt to bed, but to-night something impelled her to go. She went down as softly as it was possible to go, so as not to awaken the invalid.

Just inside the door she paused—and in that moment all her problems were solved.

"Why, you're not really engaged to her, Ephraim?" the teacher was saying. "Not to Euphemy?"

"Yes, I am," Ephraim answered sullenly. "I'm engaged to her fast enough. I wish——"

"Oh, Ephraim." There was a sob in the teacher's voice. She threw her head down upon her arms, which were resting upon the step above her; this brought her very close to Ephraim's knee. "Oh, Ephraim! You'd ought to have told me before!"

"W'y, w'y ought I?" asked Ephraim stupidly.

The teacher's shoulders shook with sobs. She moved an inch closer to his knee. After a little Ephraim put out one big hand and pulled her sleeve clumsily. "Oh, say—w'y ought I to of told you before?"

She did not reply, but presently she slipped her hand, white and soft as deep-napped velvet, up to his wrist and began fumbling in a heartbroken way with his wristbands. Then she said jerkily, with a twitch of her shoulders after every word:

"I—hope—you'll—be happy—with her."

"W'y, you see——"

"She don't think about anything, though"—her voice was muffled in sobs—"excepting—things to—to—eat. She won't ever—see—that you look like—a S—Senator! I know she don't think—as much—of you—as——"

"As what?" demanded Ephraim. He commenced to swell out and take on a pompous look.

"As—as some might," she concluded lamely. She slid her curved hand along his wrist and gave one little, childish sob.

At once Ephraim did what she had been trying to tempt him to do all summer. He took her cool, flower-like hand in his big hot one. Then he held it stiffly and gingerly, as if he didn't know exactly what to do with it after he had it.

Her soft fingers closed around his. She moved a little closer and laid her head against his knee in a childish way.

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"You'll never be—a—S—Senator with her—for a wife," she sobbed. "You need somebody—to be—to be proud—of you, and to—to—love—you——"

Suddenly Ephraim cleared his throat. Then he spoke loudly and distinctly:

"I wish I hadn't been in such an all-fired hurry about askin' her. I'd best of waited; an' I might just as well of, for all of anybody else a-wantin' her. The only thing is——"

All this time Euphemy had stood there with straining eyes and ears. It simply had not occurred to her that she was seeing and hearing what was not intended for her. It did not occur to her now, as she turned and went groping blindly upstairs. Only—she had strength to bear no more. So she went.

She got into her room and turned the key in the lock; then she fell face downward upon her white, nun-like couch.

"Oh, dear God, dear God," she prayed, "be with me to-night. I'm in awful trouble, an' I can't pray what I want to pray, for the words all stop in my throat and choke me up. Just help me. I can't never bear it alone. I know how many people need you worse'n I do—poor mothers with little dead babies, and children with dead mothers—but, oh, dear Lord, I'm in awful trouble, an' my dear mother is dead, too. I can't tell anybody but you. Help me!"

The next morning Ephraim was harnessing the horses out at the barn when he heard a soft sound behind him. He looked up with a start.

Euphemy stood there, white-faced, holding a thin gold ring toward him.

"Ephrum," she said, "I—I've made up my mind I don't want to get married. Here's your ring. Don't you think it's anything you've done, Ephrum. I don't want to get married—that's all. I won't never marry anybody else. Don't think there's a man on earth I'd ruther marry'n you, for there ain't, Ephrum. I just don't want to marry anybody."

Ephraim moved his great feet heavily. His eyes fairly bulged.

"Euphemy—what-a-say?"

She said it all over patiently, but in little jerks. There was such an awful throbbing in her throat.

A queer mixture of resentment and relief showed in Ephraim's face. He reached out clumsily and took the ring from her.

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"Well, of course," he said stiffly, "you don't have to marry me if you don't want to. I guess there's just as good fish in the sea as ever's been caught."

"I guess there is, Ephrum."

He took a long, angry look at her. A girl who did not want to marry him was a curiosity not to be met with every day in the year. He had always had an idea that her eyes were gray; but he discovered now that they were a clear, beautiful brown. And—"The teacher's figger ain't to be compared to her'n," was his astonished reflection.

"What made you up an' change your mind so all of a sudden?" he demanded.

"Oh, I do' know, Ephrum. Don't let's talk about it."

"Well, don't let's, then. I guess you'll be sorry for this, Euphemy."

"Mebbe I will, Ephrum, mebbe I——"

Her lips trembled. She turned quickly and went toward the house. Ephraim stared after her, unwillingly taking stock of her good points.

"She's got a mighty good figger," he muttered reluctantly. "I never see her look so mighty fine before. I wonder what's got into her, anyhow?"

As days passed Ephraim's resentment increased and his relief diminished. He set to work in dogged stubbornness to discover Euphemy's reason for changing her mind. The desire to do so possessed him so strongly that he even neglected to announce his freedom to Miss Milne. There was plenty of time, he reflected, seeing she was so in love with him. While he was engaged to Euphemy the teacher's languishing overtures had thrilled his pulses with a delicious fire, having the incomparable flavor of forbidden fruit. He had felt, with much bitterness, that in plighting his troth to Euphemy he had lost a priceless gem. But now that he might have the gem, if he would, he began to detect hitherto unsuspected flaws in it. Unconsciously Euphemy had made the grand coup in the whist-like game of love. She had changed places with the teacher. She was now the forbidden fruit. If the teacher had been aware of this she would have changed her tactics, for she understood that it is only when a man is not free to make love himself that he can be stirred by having it made to him. At all other times it is intolerable, and irritates instead of pleasing.

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Certainly Ephraim did not realize this himself. He intended to marry the teacher; but, of course, there could be no hurry about mentioning it.

He studied Euphemy with sullen patience. He had always looked upon her as a little, plain, domestic thing, who would make an obedient, uncomplaining wife; one who would cheerfully perform the work of a "help" and a hired man, 'tend the "derry," wait upon his mother, give him a peach-cobbler with whipped cream for supper every night, and still have time to raise a nice family of boys—girls were useless things.

Now, through much and close observation, he found the truth borne in upon him that her eyes were deep and wistful; that her mouth was sweet, and her "figger" round and full of tempting curves that were accented by the simple gown she wore. And, then, her cooking!

One night at supper, between great mouthfuls of his favorite dessert, he said suddenly to the teacher, "Say, can you make a peach-cobbler?"

She gave him a reproachful glance.

"A peach-cobbler! Can I make the moon?"

"Well, you might learn," he said stiffly. "Euphemy 'u'd learn you in no time."

"Euphemy's got enough to do without learnin' people to cook that's old enough to know how if they'd a-wanted," spoke up his mother, glaring at him. "Euphemy's learned to cook an' slave to git mortgages off o' farms, instid o' foolin' her time a-sewin' ruffles an' ribbon all over her!"

The teacher burst into a merry laugh. "Oh, now, Mrs. Worden, I'm afraid you don't like my ruffles."

"I can't say I do, ma'am. I don't like the red poppies a-danglin' around your hat, neither. They're too actressy fer me."

Euphemy jumped up.

"Have some more of the cobbler, Aunt Charlotte," she said hurriedly. "Oh, now, do take just a little bit more."

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One pleasant Sunday, coming home from church with the teacher, Ephraim came to a standstill at the parlor door. On the vivid red plush sofa sat Euphemy with a rosy face; and close, very close, to her, in a straight, high-backed chair, sat Judge Nelson, whose wife had been such a famous cook and housekeeper, and who had been dead only a year. He owned the largest farm and had the finest house in the country. He sat with his long black coat-tails hanging straight down on both sides of his chair, and the tips of all his fingers set stiffly together in a conical shape above his knees.

Euphemy got up quickly and edged toward the door.

"Oh, you back, Ephrum? Judge Nelson's come to spen' the day. You entertain him while I get dinner, will you?"

Ephraim grunted. The Judge looked after her with a beautiful beam in his eye.

"An' after dinner, Miss Euphemy," he said blandly, lifting his voice, "we'll take a little buggy ride if you're agreeable. You've never seen my house, have you? I want that you should see it. Well, Ephraim?"

"How are you?" said Ephraim sullenly.

"Been to meetin'?"

"Oouh-hoouh."

"Took the teacher, aigh?"

"Oouh-hoouh."

"Say, Ephraim"—the Judge leaned forward confidentially—"I used to think you an' Euphemy had settled things; my wife always thought so, an' all the fellows around here thought so. That's the reason they didn't offer to beau her any; but since you've been a-beauin' the teacher they're all of 'em wild to get Euphemy. She could have her pick any minute." Then he colored up. "I don't mean to let 'em, though; there ain't a girl in the whole country got a figure

like hers. There ain't one so qualified to be a Judge's wife. That's certain, Ephraim."

After dinner the Judge lifted Euphemy carefully into his buggy and drove away.

Ephraim's breast swelled with rage.

"Hoouh!" he hissed out. "Darned old galoot! Guess she won't have him if she wouldn't have me!" But his heart quailed. "Best house an' farm in the country," he muttered bitterly. "An' horses and cows! An' he's a Judge. I reckon if she's good enough for a Judge she'd of been good enough for a Senator. I'd like to know what ailded her an' changed her mind."

He heard a springing step and a flutter of flounces on the stairs. He gave a start and made for the barn.

"Ephraim," called the teacher tenderly, but he walked on as if he had not heard.

There followed a wretched month for poor Ephraim. The old, meek Euphemy, unnoticed and unfêted, ready to run like a dog at his bidding, was no more; in her place had arisen a sweet, blushing girl, with a Judge at her feet, and a countyful of admirers coming to take her buggy-riding, or to apple-bees. Ephraim looked on with grim silence. Wasted were the red poppies and the languishing glances of the pretty school-teacher.

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"Euphemy's the belle o' the county," announced his mother, with a triumphant crow deep in her throat. "I never see a girl come out so an' git so pretty. She never had anything made of her before 's the reason. The Judge is just a-dyin' t' git her—goes a-moonin' around like a sick ca'f. They're all a-runnin' after her, but he's ahead. He keeps a-hintin' awful strong about travelin' through Europe. Land knows he's rich enough. Euphemy always was wild to travel. The Judge——"

"Drat the Judge!" hissed out Ephraim. He jammed a chair against the wall and flung himself out of the kitchen.

At last a moonlight night came. Euphemy went buggy-riding with the Judge. They did not return until eleven o'clock. They lingered at the gate a little while, then the Judge drove away. Euphemy came slowly up the path alone. Ephraim was sitting on the front steps.

"Euphemy!"

"How, Ephrum?"

"Are you a-goin' to marry that galoot?"

"If you mean the Judge," said Euphemy, with dignity, "I don't know. He's asked an' asked, an' I have to make up my mind to-morrow night. It's awful hard. I—don't—love him just as I'd ought; but he's been good to me, an'—an'—after you get married I won't have anywheres to go to. He'll let me take your mother and wait on her as long as she lives. He's offul good."

"He's an angel, ain't he?" snarled Ephraim. "Now let me tell you that I've been asked an' asked, too, an' I've got to make up my mind. An' what I do depends upon what you do."

"Ephrum!" cried Euphemy, with a burst of passionate reproach. "What do you want to talk that way for? Oh, Ephrum, I heard ev'ry word you said to the teacher out here that night—when you wished you hadn't been in such a hurry about askin' me!"

"You—did? Euphemy!"

"Yes, I did. I didn't mean to, but——"

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There was a long silence. Then Ephraim said suddenly:

"Euphemy, was that what ailded you?"

"Yes, it was, Ephrum."

"Hoouh!" He pondered a time silently. "Euphemy, I was an all-fired fool. I'm beginning to see through her now. I don't wonder you flared up and wouldn't marry me. I've been trying to make out what ailded you. That's it, aigh? Well, now, Euphemy, I wouldn't marry her if she was the only woman on earth. I ain't got a fine farm an' house, or a horse an' buggy, an' I can't take you around travelin', but I'd rather marry you 'n any girl alive."

"Ephrum!" her voice trembled. "Don't you say that unless you're sure."

"Well, I'm sure."

"Don't you say that if you think you'd ever change your mind ag'in. It 'u'd—it 'u'd—kill me."

"I never will. I've found her out now. If you say so, we'll git married real soon."

Euphemy trembled closer to him. Sudden joy gave her courage.

"Ephrum," she faltered, "couldn't you—couldn't you—kiss me?"

Ephraim gave a start.

"What-a-say, Euphemy?"

"I say—couldn't you—kiss me?"

"W'y, yes," said Ephraim, in the tone he would have used if she had asked him to light a candle. He hesitated, and then stooped and gave her a brief, stubby kiss.

"It's a-gittin' latish," he said. "Let's go in."

He arose and entered the house, Euphemy meekly followed him. His chest swelled out superbly as he went up the stairs.

"Hoouh!" he thought. "I should smile if I couldn't cut that galoot out!"

At the head of the stairs he paused.

"Euphemy!"

"How, Ephrum?" She slipped to his side like a bird in the darkness. Was he going to kiss her of his own desire?

"W'y, I wish you'd have some saleratus biscuits fer breakfast. You ain't had any fer a coon's age. No'n can make 'm like you."

A Modern Martyr

THE STORY OF A PROTRACTED COURTSHIP

By Madeline S. Bridges

I HAD been engaged to Loftus fifteen years, and, when I passed my thirty-sixth birthday, the serene outlook promised that I would be engaged to him fifteen more. He was three years my senior, stout, rather fair, with an ugly, charming face, the kindest heart in the world, and a strong, energetic will. At least, it seemed to be energetic in every direction except the way that led to marriage.

Not that I ever doubted the love of my Loftus, nor his fealty, but I could not understand why he seemed so blissfully content in being my lover, just my lover. No one could fill the rôle more perfectly, and his devotion was so established, and so constantly apparent in even the slightest detail, that every one in Pimley, where we had grown up together, blamed me for Loftus' probation, and I was openly reproached for dilly-dallying with so honest a man and so true a lover. I could not consistently inform the public at large, and my censors in particular, that however well-disposed a woman may be, she cannot marry the man of her choice until he asks her to name the day, and this preliminary my betrothed had studiously avoided. He never even remotely approached any avenue that might lead to the subject, though he occasionally referred very sweetly and tenderly to our life together in the future—that stayed so far away.

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Time, of course, brought about many other marriages in our immediate circle. All my brothers and sisters went off in regular order until there were left with father, only Tom, my youngest brother, and myself. After a while Tom "went on the road" for a Boston commercial house, and finally was offered a chance in a new branch of the same concern just started in Denver. To my great surprise, father not only urged his acceptance of the offer, but expressed a strong desire to go with him and remain a year or two.

"Dell won't want to leave Loftus," he remarked calmly, "and any way, they'll be married before long, I suppose." This had been a favorite supposition of father's for a number of years. "We could go by way of Chicago and see Uncle Eb and the folks. It's a trip I've always longed to take."

I listened to these words and felt them as if they had been blows of a clenched hand, but the pride by which an angel fell was strong in me, as it is in many of the world's commonplace and every-day women. I bit my lips to keep them from trembling as I said, "Wouldn't it be lovely! such an altogether new life and experience."

"Yes," said father lightly, and I loved, oh, how I loved him for that speech! "but it won't be such good fun without my daughter. If she could only come—if there wasn't any question of that other fellow that can't spare her——"

In a moment I had made up my mind.

"But I am going with you if you go," I said smiling. "What did you think? Of course, I need not stay. I can come back and be married, or Loftus can come to Denver, if we like it enough to settle there. You see, there's no time set for the marriage, and a year or two won't make much difference; there's nothing to hurry us."

I am afraid there may have been a touch of sarcasm in my tone, but it passed unnoticed.

"Why, that's it," said Tom briskly. "Time goes on, and people might as well have a change from the old rut. We can shut up house here indefinitely. We can find some one to keep the grounds in order. Why can't we have a picnic of three?"

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I felt, in my own mind, a vague idea, rather a hope, that Loftus might, or, perhaps, desire to, make it a picnic of four. That afternoon, when he came, I spoke. He usually stopped on the porch every afternoon on his way home, except Tuesdays—his bowling club—and Fridays, which were given to poor little Eunice Craig, who had been for years an invalid. I thought it one of the loveliest traits in his character, this kindness to one so weak and suffering. Of course, we all went to see Eunice occasionally, all of the "old crowd," both married and single, but Loftus was her anchor and stand-by, and the feeling with which he was regarded in the Craig household was little short of worship. I was never jealous of the time he gave to Eunice—it made me love him all the more. Well, so when he came sauntering up the walk about four, and took his seat near me in his favorite big rocker, I broached the Denver project with much promptness and gayety. He had begun to swing my hammock gently, and continued so to swing it.

"But you're not in earnest, really, are you, Dell?" he asked at last. I was dying to get a sight of his face, but couldn't without sitting up.

"Of course, I'm in earnest," I responded readily. "Tom and father are in earnest; why shouldn't I be?"

"But Tom and your father haven't—me—to think of."

"You great baby," I answered, laughing. "I won't stay longer than a year."

"You might see some fellow you would like better," said Loftus forlornly.

"Oh, I think I am too old now to change my mind." I was beginning to be a little amused at his resigned yet wretched manner.

"I don't know that women ever get too old to change their minds," said Loftus, in the same reproachful tone.

"Do men ever get old enough to make up theirs?" was on the point of my tongue to ask, but I had never been sharp with Loftus, and it seemed a poor time to begin.

"You could come and see me once or twice," I suggested. "It's a delightful trip; you'd enjoy it."

"Awfully expensive, dear," said this exasperating man.

"Well, if I pay your way out you can surely pay it back," I said, laughing, but Loftus did not laugh.

"I mightn't want to come back," he said gently. Then there was a long silence and the hammock went on swinging. Had ever woman such an aggravating lover and one so dearly lovable?

This was the beginning of many such discussions. We kept perfect friendliness while opposing each other on every point, and our talk always ended where it began. He demanded no sacrifice, but, on the other hand, he offered none. I felt that I was only responsible to Loftus in so far as I desired his happiness. I desired it with my whole heart, for in it lay my own infolded, but I felt too deeply to be anything but firm and proud. And so the day came, the still, beautiful October day, and Loftus walked to the train with us, and waved us a good-by from the platform as we rushed away with a shriek and rattle from dear old Pimley.

But first we had a moment to ourselves on the shady side of the station, with not a soul in sight, but I don't think Loftus would have cared if there had been a regiment. He kept his arm around me and never took his eyes from my face. I was very, very miserable, but I smiled and chatted through it all. Loftus scarcely answered me; he ground his teeth now and then, and once the tears came down his face.

"You know that I belong to you, wherever you are—you believe it—don't you, Dell?" he said once or twice. And then, "It's hard to let you go." But the whistle shrieked and father called, "Come, Della," and then poor Loftus kissed me with a smile and whispered, "God love you, Della, my wife, my dear, dear wife." Those were the last words I heard him say, and then father leaned across to close the car window against the cinder-showers, and Tom was putting on his big, loose, brown linen coat.

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We went to Chicago and stopped at other cities along the line, and came safe at last to beautiful Denver, but my heart stayed in Pimley. It was a great, big, glorious world that the train had traversed, vast stretches of prairie, majestic heights of mountain land, busy, thriving towns, and active, splendid people. Pimley was a little quiet village among the New England hills, and in it was the one loved human being who made or unmade the world for me.

He wrote to me often, my dear, strange Loftus, but he never spoke of coming, nor of my return. His letters were full of kindness and sweet, every-day affection, but there was a tinge of bitterness in their tone, a feeling as of one at hopeless variance with fate. I used to cry over them and reproach myself so bitterly—for what? Surely I need not blame myself, when he had not reproached me. If only once he had written to me "Dell, come back," or "Dell, I miss you," or made me in anyway conscious of a nearer duty to him, I am sure I could never have borne so patiently, nor at all, my exile. But as it was, I could only let the days go on—though the sweetness of my life seemed going with them—and wait.

We had a lovely little cottage for our housekeeping, father, and Tom, and I, on the outskirts of Denver, and a view of valleys and mountain-tops that were a ceaseless wonder and delight. I felt the charm of this grand, solitary Nature in the intervals of pining for the picket fences and dwarf orchards of my "native heath," and used to rove about in stout shoes and a big hat, getting within restricted limits some faint idea of "magnificent distances" so lavishly spread before the eye. One day I came in before dinner, rather tired, very sunburned and dusty, and was about to disappear for half an hour's seclusion and a bath, when I heard a man's footstep sound quickly on the wide piazza. I knew it was not time for Tom, but, nevertheless, Tom it proved to be. He had come in from town a little early, his hands full of packages, books, etc., as usual.

"Della," he called, "can you come back down the road with me, now, this minute? There's a poor sheep that's badly hurt in some way. I don't exactly know what has happened, but bring some milk, will you? and we'll see what we can do. It isn't far, just off the first turn, by the wheat field. I'll run upstairs with these things first."

But I did not wait for Tom's escort. I was off down the road with a little tin pail of milk almost before his last word reached me. The sun was near its setting, and the low evening light seemed to spread in a hush over the wide beauty of the world. I crossed to the wheat field and through the gate in search of my wayside patient, and there, a little in from the road, standing quietly against the hedge and looking at me as I came, stood—Loftus!

I didn't know what happened to the milk—but I knew afterward when he showed me how badly his clothes were deluged—for the dear fellow was kneeling on the grass before me, with his face hidden in my arms.

I can't remember what we said at first, it was so mixed with sobs and tears and kisses. He looked pale and worn and thin. Loftus thin! And oh, it was so sweet to laugh together, as we laughed when I stammered out, "Tom sent me here to find a—sheep—that—that was hurt."

"And you've found him, haven't you?" said my dear, dear Loftus. "And who are you, you little brown milkmaid, with the sunburned face?"

Oh, those wonderful sweet first moments when I knew he was with me once again! But I think he must have been aware that my face was dirty, though he called it sunburned. "And why have you come in this way?" I asked him when I began to collect my thoughts a little.

"Oh, the idea of surprise was Tom's. I found him at his place of business and we came out together, and then he told me to wait for you here, and he would make some excuse to send you, alone."

"Oh, Loftus! but I mean how happened you to come from Pimley so suddenly and—without telling me?"

"Dear," said Loftus, with a very grave face, "I came because—because—Eunice is dead. I have come to claim my wife."

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I could only look at him with wide eyes of amazement. I could not understand.

"Eunice Craig is dead," he repeated, still more softly. "I can tell you now why I could not sooner claim my wife. But you have trusted me as never woman trusted husband, or lover—Dell, Dell, how could you know that I have loved you all these long, long, weary years that we have lived apart—instead of together?"

But I did not heed his question. "Oh, poor Eunice," I said, with a rush of sorrowful remembrance. We had both known her as beautiful, strong and young, and the ending of the story seemed so pitiful. "Her life was too sad, Loftus! We can only be glad of the release——"

"You never knew how sad her life was, Della," said Loftus gently, "nor how much I suffered for her. While she lived I could not ask you to be my wife. She had made me promise this long, long ago, though she knew I loved you with every beat of my heart, my darling."

"Eunice made you promise?" I asked slowly. It seemed I could not understand his words.

"She had no right to ask this sacrifice," he said quickly, "but—she had loved me all her life. I did not dream of her feeling until once, when I was very ill—you remember the time I was hurt so badly in Craig's lumber mill? They nursed me at the house, you know, and Eunice was with me day and night. She thought I was dying and did not hide her heart, poor child—but I was engaged to you—and I told her—and after that she never seemed like herself again. And then her great illness came, and the doctors gave her no hope of recovery. That was the time she made me promise not to marry until she died, and above all never to tell you she had asked this promise. No one thought she could live longer than that summer—and yet for twelve years—twelve years, Della, she has kept me from your side. Doesn't it seem inexplicable how such a sad thing could happen, Della?"

"Oh, you dear, splendid—martyr, you!" I said, gasping. "And all the time I thought you—didn't care!"

"Care!" said Loftus, with an emphasis that made me feel myself a wretched ingrate. And then he added in a determined, business-like way, "I want you to marry me to-morrow, Dell—not one day later. I've been a martyr long enough."

I felt that he had been, indeed, but I answered, laughing, "Then you must begin to be a saint." And he really proved himself worthy of the name by waiting more than a week with most exemplary patience, until I had a pretty white dress made for the wedding.

We are living in Pimley, in the old house under the maples. Father is with us, and Tom comes on flying visits now and then. Our children play among the lanes and meadows where Loftus and I played. I am a very happy woman, but I often wonder how it would have been if Eunice had not died!

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Take Down the Sword

BENEATH Washington's sword at Mount Vernon, says the Philadelphia Record, hangs a card bearing these words:

"Bequeathed to Washington's nephew, with the request that he will never unsheath it save in self-defense, or in defense of his country or its rights."

The turmoil in Congress and outside of it does not seem to have disturbed the admirable poise of President McKinley. He has heeded the words of Washington, and has exhibited to the country a magnificent statesmanship worthy of his great office. He has recognized that the nation must observe principle and obey international law in this crisis, and does not propose to plunge the country into war unnecessarily or heedlessly.

In times of excitement like these a war-cry is always a popular cry. Men do not pause to ask, "What just ground have we for declaring war?" They do not count the cost of war, with all its attendant horrors. They regard any discussion of the consequences as unpatriotic.

This country is now prospering in the paths of peace. Plunge it into war, and no man could foretell the end. Spain is weak, and we are strong. The advantage seems, therefore, to be on our side; but a war with Spain might easily lead to far more serious complications. Our civil war has burdened us with a pension list that will tax the resources of the country for a generation to come. Have we the right, except in the clear defense of the country and its honor, to sacrifice the lives of our soldiers and sailors, and impose upon our children and grandchildren, to the third or fourth generation, a load of new debts and pension obligations? Is there true occasion for taking down the sword that hangs at Mount Vernon?

The English Idea of War.

ONE belief, above all others, hastens and strengthens the progress of the idea that, sooner or later, perhaps in the near future, England must take up the sword to defend and to maintain its commercial supremacy, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Englishmen seem too hard-headed and business-like to go to war for a sentiment, as the Latin races now and then have done; but they believe with all their hearts that many of their vital interests are bound up in the maintenance of their commercial supremacy.

Thought of English power and prestige may quicken the young Tories in the service and in the political clubs more than thought of English commerce; but it is the latter that seems uppermost in the minds of the merchants and manufacturers, with all their ramifying interests and dependents, as they grow accustomed to the idea of war. The man in the street is much nearer in temperament and in point of view than he is socially to the young Tory of Pall Mall, but he has a crude notion of the dependence of his wages upon English prosperity. The policy of the Continental Powers toward their commercial aggrandizement has become well understood. On many sides Englishmen see its progress and feel its effect—in Tunis, in Madagascar, in West Africa, in the far East. They sometimes make it a cloak for their own stiffness and sluggishness in the neglect of the more conciliatory and flexible methods of their competitors in common markets. English merchants and manufacturers, as a class, according to some of their own more far-sighted brethren, still stand too much upon the dignity of commerce.

Injurious Trade Competition

WHEN European countries seek to exclude American products on the alleged ground of adulteration and the like, says the Public Ledger, the people of the United States usually regard this course as really inspired by a desire to stifle competition by American goods. We are not the only nation holding to the protective tariff idea, and there is no doubt that the manufacturing and agricultural industries in Germany and France, for example, are alarmed at the growth of importations from the United States.

There is a disposition on our part to assume that our exports are always true to name, commercially pure; that our meats are entirely wholesome, our cereals clean and satisfactory to unbiased inspection, and that the complaints of the foreigners, and the oppressive regulations at the points of import, are false as to the one and malicious as to the other. And yet, unjust and ungenerous as we assume these accusations and exclusions to be, there may be some justifiable warrant for a part, however small, of the hostility of foreigners toward products imported from America.

The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson, is credited with an effort to prevail upon Congress to adopt legislation requiring exports of articles of food to be inspected by agents of our Government before shipment. Filled cheese may be wholesome, but he wants it branded as filled cheese, and not as something else priced higher in the market. Cornmeal, mixed with flour, is a nutritious article, but the mixture should be labeled as such, instead of being branded as pure wheat flour. Properly made oleomargarine is probably not injurious to health, but nobody, at home or abroad, is willing that it should be palmed off on him as dairy butter. Secretary Wilson evidently believes that considerable adulteration and substitution are prevalent, and he rightly insists that the continuance of such sharp dealing will, in time, work great injury to such of our citizens as are endeavoring, in honest fashion, to find a foreign market for commodities of American origin.

The Federal Department of Agriculture is zealously promoting the export trade, but its good work will be negatived if rascally dealers attempt to dispose of their wares by false pretense as to their character and value. The United States should protect its citizens who are in the legitimate export trade, by setting up a barrier against the competition of unprincipled persons, who make a business of selling short-weight and counterfeit goods. Men so destitute of honor are no better than swindlers. They cheat the foreign consumer by giving him an inferior substance when he pays for the genuine article; their ruinous competition with the honest exporter robs him of his profit and of his customers, and the practice of invading the market with substitutes and adulterants gives American traders a bad reputation for integrity, and leads to the exclusion, in whole or in part, of American products from what would otherwise be remunerative fields for such products.

Passing of Two Grand Men

THE shadows are gradually deepening on two stalwart figures in European statesmanship, says the Lutheran. In Germany the man of "blood and iron" is fast losing his hold on life, as he lost it on Empire. In England, the "Grand Old Man" is journeying toward Westminster Abbey by way of Hawarden. Before the bells ring in the year 1900, the name that stood for Empire, and gave the German race its place among the powers that be, and the name that stood for humanity and justice as over against oppression in England, will doubtless have become enshrined memories. Two great builders are preparing to go the way of all the earth; but they leave behind them imposing edifices, and the centuries to come will know that they have lived and benefited their races.

Great Britain as Our Ally

THE mere suggestion of an alliance between England and the United States carries with it profound significance, says Leslie's Weekly. Such an alliance in war would hold the balance of power, and in peace would control the balance of trade of the world. It would mean in the broad sense the supremacy of the English-speaking nations, the nations that lead in energy, in thrift, in patriotism and in power. London is the financial centre of the Eastern, as New York is the financial centre of the Western hemisphere. Great Britain dominates the marts of commerce, and the United States is supreme among the producing nations of the world. The union would make a rare combination of English conservatism and American enterprise; of the slow but sure and the swift and self-reliant. Cut off from all the other nations of the world, the United States could live in happiness and prosperity far better than any other nation. Recently, public attention was called to the fact that a complete blockade of the ports of England would leave it, in less than six weeks, without necessary food supplies.

An alliance with the United States would give England all the food it needed, for we are the great food-producing nation, while the English constitute the great consumers of bread and meat. Such an alliance would no doubt preclude the possibility of the annexation of Canada. It would establish the stability of all the colonies of Great Britain on our hemisphere. England would be the gainer, too, because our resources would be at its disposal in time of war, and we would be prepared to defend its vital interests in the East, where the struggle for supremacy among the great Powers has reached an acute stage. It will be seen that the contemplated alliance is one to which England may look with eager anticipations.

As far as the United States is concerned, to accept such a coalition would be to depart from all the established usages and precedents of the past. It has been the boast of this nation that it has had no part in the contentions over the balance of power in Europe; that its isolation was its safety, and its independence its security. It is doubtful if this Government would care to depart from precedents and violate traditions unless under such provocation as would require a new and radical departure.

Whether, in case of war with Spain or any other foreign nation, we should be compelled, by reason of alliances against us, to make an alliance with England, is a question for the future; but by ties of consanguinity we are more closely bound to England than to any other nation. Speaking the same language, following largely the same domestic customs, devoted to tolerance in religion and freedom of thought, governed by the same code of laws, and closely allied by ties of friendship, as well as of blood, we feel a closer relationship with the English people than with any other. If the strange vicissitudes of war should compel a foreign alliance on our part, it would naturally be with England. Such an alliance would be the greatest that the world has ever seen, and it would fix, perhaps for all time, not only our own destiny and that of England, but also the destiny of nations which are just emerging from darkness into light.

Facing the Cuban Crisis

THE general development of public sentiment on the Cuban question in the last three years makes a remarkably interesting chapter in American history, says the New York Evening Post. When the insurrection first came to notice, it aroused no particular enthusiasm among the American voters.

The Cleveland administration, then in power, had become unpopular, and the Republicans were only too glad to use the cause of the "struggling patriots" as a club for attacking the conservatism of their opponents. The professional friends of Cuba at that time were all clamorous for securing a recognition of belligerency—something which is never heard of now—and resolutions to that end at least once passed the Senate. In the House the Massachusetts delegation distinguished itself by voting, with one exception, against forcing the President's hand, and thus incurred the hostility of the advocates of aggressive action. It will be recalled how on another occasion Secretary Olney made the statement that, if a recognition of belligerency should be voted by both Houses of Congress, it would stand as only the opinion of some gentlemen, since such an act was purely an executive function.

But Cuba was not treated very seriously for the first two years of the insurrection. There was an occasional remonstrance against the energetic efforts of the Administration to stop filibustering, but more thoughtful citizens recognized that we were but meeting our duty as a neutral power.

Within the past six months, however, events have moved so rapidly as almost to create a Cuban sentiment in the United States. Not until this season has the full knowledge of the horrors of the reconcentrado system really awakened public attention. Added to that, the destruction of the battle-ship Maine, with its terrible loss of life, has inflamed the popular imagination and forced Cuba to the front as the one great and all-absorbing topic of National import. Events, too, have moved rapidly since the fifteenth of February, and are of too recent occurrence to need recital. But whatever is to be the outcome, the Administration must realize that the eyes of the public are upon the Cuban question as never before.

The horrible conditions prevailing on the island can no longer be treated as something concerning which the public is indifferent or uninformed. Two years ago almost any settlement that the Administration in power had seen fit to make would have been accepted, and even if it had not been satisfactory, would soon have been forgotten.

To-day it is beyond that stage; and, considering the close relation which political fortunes bear to popular sentiment upon any question so vividly before the public, the problem before the President and his party is obviously an exceedingly difficult one.

Dilapidated Naval Academy

THE Naval Academy at Annapolis is on the verge of falling to pieces, says Collier's Weekly. In buildings now ramshackle through age—buildings put up in the '40s, '50s and '60s, never intended to be used more than a few years, with plaster dropping from the ceilings at times, just grazing some cadet's head, and with a host of inconveniences, such as cramped accommodations, and some of the recitation rooms up in garrets—future naval officers are now receiving their training. That the professors, with an armory whose walls are so battered that they have to be propped up, and a boathouse too small by half for the drills as they are now given, can work out the naval curriculum satisfactorily, is a high tribute to their ability.

The decidedly dilapidated condition of the famous old academy has long been growing worse, the current appropriations not affording enough money for mere necessary patching. Three winters ago matters were so serious that Congress was implored to come to the rescue. Detailed recommendations were made, showing that hardly a building on the grounds was fit to stand, and a complete new academy was suggested, to be built gradually—piece by piece, if Congress so willed. But some new buildings were imperatively necessary.

Three years have come and gone since then, and the Academy, on the finest site a sea school of instruction ever had, still waits for repairs—bare repairs—let alone improvements, a group of new buildings, with proper working space for the busy cadets, such as the American Navy should certainly have.

Why this has not already come, why those that can bring it about lag and delay, is a mystery. Especially is it so when appreciation of "sea power" is generally acknowledged to be the trend of the twentieth century; when, as seems almost certain, the great battles will be waged by war-ships and naval commanders, not by armies on land which are led by military commanders.

America's Medal of Honor

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in a recent magazine article, laments at length over the fact that the United States have no medal of honor for the Army similar to that of England's Victoria Cross, Germany's Iron Cross, or the Russian Cross of St. George.

The United States have a Medal of Honor, says the New York World, harder to win than the Victoria Cross. It has been conferred upon five hundred men, heroes every one. It is now worn by about three hundred men. And it will hereafter be conferred upon all men who "distinguish themselves in action." This "order" was instituted July 12, 1862, and the act was amended March 3, 1863, $20,000 being then appropriated, and the interest having since been used for this purpose.

This is a Republic. Distinctions of this kind carry with them no rank, pay no privileges, and the proposal to create it met with strong opposition, despite the fact that it was Washington who first instituted it in the Revolutionary Army.

The American Medal of Honor is usually brought by the postman, who hands the winner of it a little package bearing the War Department stamp for free delivery, and the recipient usually puts it away in a drawer as a keepsake for his children.

There is no parade of troops, no official ceremony, no list published in the Annual Register of the Army or in popular almanacs; but now and then at public meetings there will be one who wears on his left breast "a bronze five-pointed star—and in the middle, within a circle of stars, Minerva repulsing Discord—suspended by a trophy of two crossed cannons surmounted by an eagle, united by ribbon of thirteen stripes to a clasp of two cornucopias and the American arms."

This man wears the American Medal of Honor, a decoration which each American soldier strives to win as earnestly as any soldier of Great Britain strives to win the Victoria Cross, and prizes quite as highly.

Russia's Influence in China

AFTER a long period of diplomatic delay, during which much cross-firing has been indulged in by other interested nations, Russia seems to have finally succeeded in clinching her hold upon the "Regent's Sword" peninsula in the Yellow Sea, says the Philadelphia Record. There is to be no ostensible transfer of territory; only a lease by China to Russia, for twenty-five years, of Port Arthur as a fortified naval station; of Talien Wan, on the eastern coast of the peninsula, and an open port and railway terminus, with the right of fortification, and a concession for railway construction under the terms of which the vast Trans-Siberian system and its Manchoorian branch is to be directly connected with the two ports.

Although the Imperial authority of China is to be nominally supreme in the territory thus transferred to Russian control, the actual powers of administration and the political and commercial development of the adjacent region will be entirely in Russian hands. The country will be practically subject to the recently appointed Governor of the Amoor District, with an ample force of Russian troops to enforce whatever commands the Governor may issue.

Under such conditions the long-cherished hopes of the Russian Imperial Government, in regard to the new Slavonic Empire to be constituted in Asia, may blossom into speedy realization, unless blighted by some adverse influence directed by superior power. If the mutual design of the contracting parties to the lease of Port Arthur and adjacent territory shall be carried out, there can be no effective interference with the Russian program of aggrandizement in Eastern Asia by anything short of a regular international call to arms.

It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that the Government and the organs of public opinion in Great Britain should make instant and urgent protest against a scheme which, if consummated, would make Manchooria practically a Russian province and render Russian influence dominant throughout Northeastern China. If Great Britain shall be powerless to prevent such an outcome, the first stage in the long-mooted partition of the vast Chinese Empire will have been reached almost at a single bound.

Two Striking French Celebrities

A FAMOUS PAINTER AND A GREAT AUTHOR

Rosa Bonheur at Home

HOW THE GREAT PAINTER WON FAME

By Georges Cain

AMONG the great artistic personalities of our time none is better appreciated or less known than Rosa Bonheur. It is to art that Rosa Bonheur has sacrificed everything, burying herself in the depths of a forest far from the world, and carefully closing her doors against the curious who have sought out her hermitage; a hermitage which is seductive in every detail, however, the Château of By being one of the most charming spots one can possibly find. But the sesame which can open its doors is scarcely known, and the famous artist leads an almost cloistral life.

Travelers in the George aux Loups and in the Valley of Franchard often meet a high tilbury drawn by a spirited horse well under control, the reins in the hands of a rather small woman with a singular head and beautiful white hair, who wears a velvet coat, or a blue blouse fastened at the shoulder, and a battered straw hat.

It is Rosa Bonheur; and, though one's lips speak the name quickly, the memory retains the picture forever. The wonderful eyes, so clear and limpid, look straight into one's face, and their gaze penetrates to the heart. What a true impression they give of this woman, who is so good, so kind, so genial, so persevering and so interesting.

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Life was hard with her from the very outset; her persistent labors and her faith in the future alone sustained her, and permitted her to make for herself that brilliant place in the world of art, the final crowning of which was her last exhibition of four large pastels at the Petit Salon.

Rosa Bonheur was born in Bordeaux, March 16, 1822. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was a conscientious, modest artist, who, astonished at the artistic manifestations of his daughter from her infancy, gave her the most careful instruction and advice. But a living was not easily earned, and the family was numerous. Rosa was often obliged to leave her studies and attend to domestic duties, especially after the death of her mother, in 1833. Having no other resource than his brush, M. Bonheur was compelled to separate from his family and put them to board in the country.

Here in the fields and forest, in direct contact with Nature, Rosa's whole personality was completely dominated and transformed by all she saw around her. She worked alone, without counsel or assistance; soon her progress was such that people came from all around to see the pictures of the "wonderful child," and rumors of her prowess at last reached the ears of her surprised and delighted father in Paris.

He, too, wished to see and admire. He recognized the dominant artistic nature which had revealed itself. It would be a crime to oppose such genius. Rosa should come to Paris, there, under his direction, learn the rudiments of her art, then depend upon the grace of God for help to success.

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In Paris Rosa worked—and with what courage!—leaving her canvas only to attend to the duties of her household. The little family, indeed, had need of the help of Providence. M. Bonheur, like so many of the gifted men of this curious epoch, had become a convert to the St. Simonian doctrine, and a concern for the welfare of the human race in general occupied a little too much of his time. Ardent and generous, but rather exalted, he had blindly cast himself into the new religion of which he was one of the strongest proselytes.

Rosa still recalls those famous St. Simonian reunions in the Passage Choiseul, at M. Bazar's, the rival of Enfantin. She saw there Felicien David, d'Eichtal, who later rendered the little family the greatest assistance, de Lesseps, Michel Chevallier, Pereire, with whose son she played hide-and-seek during the assembly. She remembers the weekly calls she made with her mother upon Menilmontant at the famous phalanstère where her father had shut himself up.

Nothing could be more curious than this reunion of people of high merit, who on certain points were eccentric to the last degree. Rosa has not forgotten their strange costumes nor the drudgery in which they insisted on taking part. Bonheur had so enthusiastically embraced the new ideas that he mourned much for their non-success.

While devoting herself to the father she so loved, consoling him in his disappointment, attending to the material needs of her brothers and sisters, Rosa still was able, amid all these cares, to find that ray of joy which illuminated their poverty and gilded their hopes, and so made their lives endurable.

Early every morning, when only a few workmen were moving about the streets, the courageous girl visited the slaughter-houses, and there among coarse, sneering men, the artist, blind to her repulsive surroundings, worked with such ardor, such courage, that at last she won the respect of even these brutal people. Some of them, more intelligent and kind-hearted, protected her and by their presence prevented the odious jests which had caused her so much suffering at the beginning of her labors. One in particular made himself her faithful mameluke, and Rosa often thinks of the brave Émile Gravelle, who did not hesitate to use his fists in her behalf.

This was a period of arduous toil and constant suffering. Among the poor animals destined to the knife the young girl worked without relaxation, discovering in death the secrets of life, and having but one thought, one desire, one aim—to compel the respect of all men, and to win the place for which her masterful genius permitted her to hope.

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Such courage as hers was sure to have its reward. In 1840 she exhibited for the first time. She was then eighteen years old. Attractive and refined, with a decided, good-humored manner, she looked singularly graceful in the male costume she had adopted in order to be less embarrassed in the more than strange surroundings she was compelled to frequent. David d'Angers has represented her in this attire in one of his medallions—not his best, unfortunately.

The catalogue of the Salon of 1840 mentions the title of this first noted work: Two Hares. Its present whereabouts is unknown. As a means of subsistence, Rosa was obliged to make copies from the Louvre. She worked on unremittingly, and an improvement in her material condition came with success. In 1845 she obtained a medal of the third class, and in 1848, when she was twenty-six years old, one of the first class, which she richly deserved.

But with this brave heart it seemed as if every joy had to be paid for with a sorrow. In the midst of her success, while all were applauding the artist, a terrible blow fell upon her which well nigh crushed her heart. Her father died in March, 1849.

Before breathing his last, this fond father and master had the supreme joy of seeing the full maturity of the genius which he had directed with so much care and tenderness. Rosa had just finished the "Labourage nivernais," that marvel now in the Luxembourg. The poor man, who had not left his bed for a long time, had himself carried before the picture, and there, deeply affected by the grand work, in presence of the realization of his fondest dreams, took his beloved daughter's hands and kissed them fervently, weeping with joy and happiness. After having helped her cherished father to tide the storms of life, Rosa surrounded his death-bed with an aureole of glory and peace. He died contentedly.

Her heart was nearly broken by this trouble, and it was months before the poor woman could recover her energy and courage. It was her love of work which at last enabled her to take fresh interest in the life fate had made so difficult for her.

Pictures now followed each other in rapid succession, and Rosa could not fill the orders which came to her from all quarters. From 1841 to 1851 many of her important works were produced. In 1853 she completed the Marché aux Chevaux (The Horse Fair), a painting of great merit and size. The history of this beautiful canvas is interesting, and the figures connected with it furnish a curious progression. Before the Salon Rosa sold the picture to Gambard, the English merchant, for eight thousand dollars. He exhibited it to paying audiences in England and America, doing for the work what Sedelmeyer has done for the great picture of Munkacsy. Later he sold the celebrated canvas for fifty-two thousand dollars. After the death of Vanderbilt, it was purchased by his son for some sixty thousand dollars and presented to the New York Museum, where it is at present.

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In 1855 Rosa exhibited La Fenaison en Auvergne (Haying in Auvergne), now in the Luxembourg, and her name does not again appear in the catalogues until 1878.

But in June, 1867, this brilliant genius received an exceptional reward. She was named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the Empress herself came to decorate the great artist in her studio on the field of battle. The child's beautiful dream of glory was realized, and alone among her sex this great woman wears in her buttonhole the red ribbon so nobly won.

For a long time past, unfortunately for those who have not the privilege of admittance at By, and of admiring the beautiful pictures in the course of progress there, Rosa Bonheur seems to have deserted the French salons, nearly everything she signs going to England and to America. Many persons suppose that she no longer works.

At the present time the great studio at By holds many unfinished marvels. I noticed among others, oxen passing a torrent, sheep on the mountain side, and numbers of others.

The chief work, however, destined to fame, represents horses trampling on wheat to thresh out the grain. Eight or ten magnificent animals of different colors are snorting and galloping under a sky of fire. In this unfinished picture there is a vigor of touch, a correctness of vision and a masterfulness that excel anything that can be hoped for in this species of composition. This unique work is not for sale; it has already been disposed of for twelve thousand dollars to Tedesco Brothers and Knoedler. It is to be hoped it will figure among the masterpieces of French art during the exposition of 1900.

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The Château of By is the only home of Rosa Bonheur worth mentioning. The greatest part of her life has been passed in this house, whose interior is strikingly bizarre, and arranged to suit her special tastes. In 1850 she bought a piece of ground in the depths of the forest near Thomery, and had her house built there. It is large and original in plan, somewhat after the Dutch style, and is filled with beautiful and curious things. There, too, is the famous cabinet of "études." Rosa has never been willing to part with any of these. Then there is the "capharnaum," a long room containing panels, frames, brushes, old canvases, photographic apparatus—in short, a thousand things. It is here that Rosa planes, hammers, files and saws, a genuine companion of Duty, and so gay, so cheerful withal. And what a good comrade this great artist is, who knows so well the fitting word of consolation and of encouragement; uniting with the qualities of an honest man a true woman's heart, simple and loving!

Her tenderness was well shown in the care of her dearest friend, Mlle. Nathalie Micas, her faithful companion for forty-five years. While young they had united their destinies, and had aided each other along life's very difficult pathway. Upon Mlle. Nathalie devolved the important duty of superintending the household at By. She watched over and cared for Rosa's "pensionnaires," a numerous family, not easily managed. Mlle. Nathalie died in 1893, and the grief of her adopted sister is of the kind that can never find consolation.

At the present time the artist's menagerie comprises six horses—two of which are absolutely wild, impossible to approach or train, imported from the pampas and presented to the artist by an American admirer—seven wild goats, four mouflons, about a dozen stags and hinds, some dogs, a monkey, two parrots, and last, but not least, Gamine, an insupportable but adored little dog of an even disposition—always cross.

Though the name of Rosa Bonheur is popular, few have the pleasure of meeting the woman. Her character is on a plane with her genius. When one knows this exceptional nature, he can no longer tell whether it is before the gifted artist or before the noble woman that he should bend the knee in heartfelt homage; they are both so admirable.—Translated from the Revue Illustrée by H. T. Twitchell in the International.

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Zola as in a Looking-Glass

PECULIARITIES SHADOWING A GREAT NAME

"FOR the French reader admiration is an unbearable yoke; the Frenchman is ever ready to side with envy, and the great writer should see in him the ally of his enemies." How actual sound these words of Goethe, written at a time when he was discussing Diderot's Le Neveu de Rameau; and how modern is the application of that other reflection of his, "There are in this world so few voices and so many echoes that the most trivial accusations, if but constantly repeated, end by taking the shape of truth," says the St. James Budget.

Emile Zola's position to-day in France is a most eloquent illustration of the above; not one great writer has more envious enemies, and not a public man is more misunderstood and less known than he. It is in vain that for thirty years Zola has been laying bare his thoughts, his heart, his past, his present; in vain did he try to prove that the only passion of his existence was the thirst and search after truth; in vain did he battle in newspapers; in vain was his preface to Mes Haines; and the minute and curious study of Dr. Toulouse has served only one purpose—to declare that Zola was *fou à lier*. The accredited legend has it, in Zola's own words, that he is but "a kind of beast of burden, thick-skinned, coarse, and fulfilling clumsily the one trivial mission of his life—the making of profits."

The reception accorded to the illustrious writer on the occasion of his visit to London—a very fond souvenir with M. and Madame Zola—indicates clearly that Englishmen know how to behave in the presence of the author of the Rougon-Macquart, even if they send his translator to jail, and that they are not likely to enter the lists against him. But their acquaintance with him is not so very lengthy nor in any degree intimate after all.

The first impression one has of Emile Zola is that of great disparity between Zola the writer and Zola the man. We see the former in perpetual fighting mood and fighting form, self-conscious because of his power, proud and almost overbearing because of the force of his convictions, courageous to audacity; the latter appears a modest, simple, courteous gentleman—embarrassed at times for a word or an expression, full of kindness, with eyes beaming with goodness, and—very sad.

Sadness, so to say, emanates from Zola, and however keen you may have been to meet him in intimacy for the first time, you cannot help wishing yourself far away at the end of half an hour. Your reception has been most cordial, the master addresses you as his colleague; there is not the slightest attempt at pose or fuss, all your questions are answered with angelic patience; and all the while you get sadder and sadder as Zola's eyes are fixed on you, and the feeling of being in the presence of a being superior by destiny and sufferings becomes so unbearable that you only think of bolting. It is but fair to add that, should it be your good fortune to become intimate with Emile Zola, the feeling wears off, to make room for one of devoted admiration for the great man's kindness.

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Next in point of observation comes Zola's talent for listening. He cares little for discussions and speeches, and, to say the truth, he is a poor speaker; but he listens intently, is very fond of hearing news or receiving information; and it is no secret that the major part of the documentary evidence in Zola's novels proceeds from conversational titbits, passed of course through the retort of his genius—which makes all the difference. But he sees very large, larger than Nature; as Madame Zola says: "This inkstand is to you and everybody else but an inkstand; when my husband begins to examine it, by the time he has done with his description, the thing is as big as the world, and it has become so to him."

So it is with Zola's sensations; fear, joy, sadness, anger, exceed with him the limits of the average emotion. His fear of darkness is perhaps the most singular phenomenon of excessive "emotivity"; the man who risked his life every day since January 13, 1898 (date of *J'accuse*) will not go through a wood at night without a companion. Another fear of his is the terror of sudden death, and to this are attached many morbid fancies.

Zola had confessed to Dr. Toulouse that these fancies began first to torment him when he turned thirty, the chief being that of doubt. He is forever doubting whether he will be able to finish the book he has begun, or whether he will arrive at the end of a speech in public, or yet whether he will manage to get through a given amount of work by the date he had fixed. He mistrusts himself in things small and big alike; and for this reason he never re-reads his novels, for fear of unpleasing discoveries.

The queerest of his morbid fancies is arithmomania, or the craving for constant reckoning. Thus he will count, as he walks, the number of gas lamps, of street doors, and, above all, the cab numbers, of which he adds all single figures; at home he counts the steps of the staircase, the things on the writing-table; he touches a certain number of times the same pieces of furniture, and closes or opens certain desks or doors before going to bed. In this mania Zola sees his instinct of orderliness, but he has no excuse for the superstitions accompanying it—such, for instance, as predilection for certain numbers: 3 with all derivations was lucky in his opinion for a long time, only to give way to 7. Very often, Dr. Toulouse tells us, Zola opens his eyes seven times in the dead of night just to prove to himself he is not dead. You can imagine how he received the news of his trial being fixed for February 7, and his consequent superstition about it.

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An absolute fancy of his is that to succeed in a purpose one should start on an errand left foot foremost. Jewelry, precious stones, and engineering divide his fondness in equal degree, so that his fancy imagines at times a diamond engine! All these traits are summed up here, firstly, to show that in disclosing his foibles Zola is perfectly consistent with his profession of faith, which is that the one great passion of his existence is the love of truth; secondly, to prove what gigantic effort of will must have been necessary for a man to achieve what Zola did against the strong handicap of such puerilities.

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The Queen of Sweden.—One of the most seriously minded Queen Consorts now living is the Queen of Sweden. She devotes her entire private fortune, which is enormous, to the relief of the indigent and to the foundation of homes and hospitals. It is said that some years ago she thought of joining the Salvation Army, and when visiting England she made a careful study of General Booth's vast organization. Although she has four sons absolutely devoted to her, the Queen of Sweden is always lamenting that she has no daughter. She is a true mother to her maids of honor, and when her favorite son fell in love with Miss Ebba Munck she took the lovers' part, and their marriage was soon appropriately solemnized in her presence.

Men and Women of the Time

CLOSE-RANGE STUDIES OF CONTEMPORARIES

Commander Willard H. Brownson's Little Argument Commander Willard H. Brownson, the officer who has gone to Europe to inspect the stock of war-ships now carried by English and other dealers in those most expensive articles, is a man with a record, says the New York Times. He is the only officer that ever ordered, in the way of real business, the firing of a gun on a vessel included in what is called our "new Navy." It was in Rio Harbor, when Admiral Benham's squadron was there to keep an eye on the rebels under Mello, and to see that American interests did not suffer from the enthusiasm and energy with which that leader was attacking the supporters of the Brazilian Government.

The Captain of an American sailing ship wanted to approach a wharf for the purpose of unloading his cargo. The Commander of the insurgent iron-clad Guanabara desired to open fire in that direction, and ordered the American away. The latter, acting under advice from Admiral Benham, didn't go, and the Guanabara began to shoot regardless of possible injury to the foreign craft. Instantly the Detroit, which was under Brownson's command, sent a shot at the Brazilian vessel. It didn't hit her, but the hint was sufficient, and the Guanabara did no more bombarding until the American merchant vessel had completed unloading and was out of the line of fire. The episode was not a thrilling or important one, but that was Mello's fault, not Brownson's, yet it illustrated the usual effect, upon our Latin neighbors, of a little summary argument.

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Mrs. McKinley's Loyalty to a Friend The application of Miss H. F. Gault for appointment as postmistress of Media, Pennsylvania, is attracting unusual attention because of the fact that the applicant was a former teacher of the present mistress of the White House. When Mrs. McKinley, then Miss Ida Taylor, was a student at Brooke Hall, Media, Miss Gault had just entered upon her profession as a teacher, and the ages of the two differed but slightly. They were much thrown together in their daily intercourse, and soon became mutually attached. The warm friendship between them has never been allowed to die out. When recently some of Miss Gault's investments turned out badly, and much of the principal on which she depended was swept away, she looked for assistance toward her old pupil, whose husband had become President of the United States. It occurred to her that the salary attached to the Media post-office would provide her with a very nice subsistence, and she wrote confidentially to Mrs. McKinley asking her to speak to the President in favor of her appointment. Mrs. McKinley took up the matter, and, in compliance with her warmly expressed wishes, it is probable that Miss Gault will secure the position she seeks.

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The Inventor of the Gatling Gun The announcement, that a new death-dealing mechanism of the Gatling type is about to be brought out will attract public attention anew to the inventor of the famous rapid-fire guns. Dr. Richard Jordan Gatling came honestly by his title. He is a medical man by training and profession. As a boy he showed remarkable skill as a mechanic. He was born in North Carolina in 1817, but early in life removed to the North, and at present lives in Cleveland, Ohio. His new firing machine will be a great improvement over the old, which seemed almost perfect. They are heavy calibred, and will, of course, be serviceable for far greater distance. Dr. Gatling perfected his first rapid-fire gun in 1862 and has made some improvements on it since. He says it is a humane instrument, for it influences people to avoid its use.

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The Marquis of Salisbury, England's Prime Minister Judging from the London news dispatches the Marquis of Salisbury, Great Britain's Prime Minister, is preparing to retire from public life. Lord Salisbury is not a young man. Although much the junior of Gladstone, he is already nearly seventy years of age, and, aside from the "Grand Old Man," is undoubtedly the most picturesque politician and statesman in Great Britain. Plunging into politics upon his issuance from Oxford University, he was at once elected to Parliament for Stamford, and represented that borough in the Conservative interest until he succeeded his father to the Marquisate in 1868. Early in life Salisbury began to write on weighty topics for the magazines, especially the Quarterly Review.

The story of the political life of the Marquis is the story of British politics for the last forty-five years. He has now arrived at the good old age of 68, yet he retains much of his vigor and mental alertness. He is noted for his extreme and oftentimes freezing hauteur. He is said to be the most unapproachable man in Britain. On one occasion a lady with a petition insisted on presenting herself to the statesman. He used all his stock of refrigeration in vain. She would not freeze. Salisbury then inquired her address, and invited her to go with him in his carriage, as he had no time to wait. He saw the lady comfortably seated, ordered the coachman to drive her home, and then returned to his office.

The Prime Minister is not only a statesman. He is intensely interested in chemistry and experimental physics, and spends much of his time in his laboratory at Hatfield House and in his laboratory in the country. He is very fond of scientific men, and it is only with such that he is at all cordial and familiar in manner.

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Greater New York's New Superintendent of Schools Dr. William H. Maxwell, the recently elected Superintendent of Public Schools for the City of Greater New York, is no beginner in the science and art of education. He came to America, in 1874, from Ireland, his native country, and secured work as a reporter on the New York Tribune. He was later a reporter for the New York Herald, and still later he was Managing Editor of the Brooklyn Times. In 1882 Dr. Maxwell was appointed Associate Superintendent of the public schools of Brooklyn, and held that position for five years. In 1887 he was elected Superintendent and reelected four times. While Superintendent he showed capital ability, and in every way satisfied the demands of his high and important calling. Dr. Maxwell is forty-six years old. He got his early education in a National school in County Tyrone, and was graduated from Queen's College, Galway. After that he became submaster in the Belfast Academical Institution, where he taught English and the classics. In 1874 Queen's University conferred Artium Magister upon him, and in the same year he came to America. Doctor Maxwell's new work is that which the Board of Education of Greater New York tendered to Dr. Andrew Sloan Draper, President of the University of Illinois, and which was declined by that eminent educator, who preferred his field in the West to that which was in the second largest city in the world.

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The New President of the Union Pacific Railroad Horace G. Burt, the newly elected President of the Union Pacific Railroad, is conceded to be one of the most efficient operating experts in the science of railroading in the country. He began his career, with the Vandalia lines in 1867, in the humble position of rodsman. In 1871 he decided that his education needed rounding out, so he entered Ann Arbor University and for two years studied hard. In 1873 Mr. Burt went back to railroading, and, by hard work and the strictest attention to his duties he rose by degrees until to-day he occupies his present enviable position at the head of one of the greatest of American railway systems.

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Carolus Duran, the Great Portrait Painter Carolus Duran, who recently arrived in this country, is one of the leading portrait painters of Europe, and the best portrait painter in France; in fact, he has frequently been called "the French Van Dyck." He is perhaps the best living example of what may be styled the "society artist." Since 1876 he has given his time almost exclusively to painting portraits of society women.

If it were only for one of his portraits and one of his pupils, Carolus Duran would be well known in this country. This single notable portrait is that of the Duchess of Marlborough, painted when she was still Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt. His best-known American pupil is John S. Sargent, who is perhaps most widely known by his extraordinary portrait of Carmencita, painted some years ago.

Carolus Duran was born in Lille about fifty-nine years ago, and began the study of his art under Souchon. He pursued these studies in Italy and Spain on a pension allotted him by his native town, which is obviously proud of him. His earliest work was in the line of subject pictures, and he has made a few decorative compositions for public buildings. Official honors began to come to him in 1866, when he took the first medal at the Salon. Six years later he was made a member of the Legion of Honor, and in 1876 an officer of that body. Since that time he has been a portrait painter.

His devotion to this branch of art has not only brought him fame, but much wealth. For even in Paris, the home of wealthy artists, Duran is considered a wealthy man. He is not a great artist, but he is undoubtedly a man of much talent. In the estimation of the French people he holds much the same place as Sir John Millais did among the English.

Among the many things he does—and he has the reputation of having seen, read and heard everything worth attention—is to fence and ride well, and he has even written a novel and a few volumes of short stories. He is of middle size, with crisp, white hair and beard, and dresses perfectly. He is an accomplished musician, and one of his little fads is to wear a bracelet.

Perhaps the best that was ever said of him—and it may stand as an epigrammatic summary of the man's character—was the remark of Croisette, the famous French actress. She said: "No woman could help falling in love with him, even were he a hunchback." Women can judge men.

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Our British Friend, Lord Charles Beresford Lord Charles Beresford, who recently announced himself enthusiastically in favor of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States, is Rear Admiral in the British Navy. His prediction as to the outcome in case the United States should ever go to war is intensely flattering to the people of this country. He said: "If America ever does go to war, no matter what happens at the beginning, she must eventually win because of the enthusiasm and intense patriotism of her people." This was said after the Admiral had remarked upon the tremendous resources of this country in every respect. Lord Beresford is one of the ablest and best-seasoned sailors in the mighty Navy of Great Britain. He has commanded a very large number of the most powerful war-vessels floating the English flag, and has shown heroic courage in risking his life to save drowning people. Three times has he jumped overboard at sea to rescue marines who were about to be swallowed up by the waves. Beresford commanded the Condor in the bombardment of Alexandria, and his work was so brave and fierce that he was especially commended. His whole career has been praiseworthy. Lord Beresford has been a sailor since he was thirteen years old.

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A Woman Superintendent of a Railroad Miss Anna Mitchener, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, is the only female superintendent of a railroad in the world, says the New York World. She manages for her father, Major C. E. Mitchener, owner of the line, the Tuscarawas Electric Road, which runs between Canal Dover and Unionville, thirteen miles.

During a recent bad storm of wind and snow the road was blockaded, and it was thought that all traffic would be brought to a standstill for a few days at least. But those who speculated in this wise were not counting on the energetic young woman who was closely watching the affairs of her father's railroad.

Miss Mitchener bundled herself up in an outfit that was a good imitation of a Klondike miner's, and sallied forth to the fray. She first employed all the idle men and teams in the city and the country surrounding, and then personally directed their attention to the piles of snow which completely buried the line from view. She remained on duty from dawn until dusk, and she presented an inspiring sight to the army of workers under her direction, as she made her way from point to point over the drifts superintending the removal of the great piles of snow.

Before nightfall some of the cars were out on the line and running between the two towns, although necessarily the regular schedule was not adhered to, and Miss Mitchener was being complimented on all sides for the energy she displayed in the undertaking. Since taking charge of the road the young woman has won the good will of all of her employees.

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The Queen Mother of Spain At this critical period, when the air is rife with rumors of war between our own country and Spain, we are naturally interested in the woman who is the nominal head of the latter country, says Francis J. Dyer, in the Congregationalist. Not little Alfonso XIII, but his mother, Maria Christina, a niece of Francis Joseph, sits upon the throne of this proud old nation. But she attained the crown by the pathway of the cross, and by reason of her personal qualities is entitled to our sympathy.

Maria Christina is described as tall and fair, sensible and well educated. She was the unloved second wife of Alfonso XII, who first married his cousin Mercedes, whom he adored. But their joy was brief, for at the end of five blissful months death claimed the youthful wife and the King was heart-broken. Royalty, however, may not indulge in private griefs, and at once the people began to clamor for a second marriage, in the hope of securing an heir to the throne. So this niece of the present Emperor of Austria was chosen to fill the vacancy.

The union proved far from happy. Life became so unbearable for the neglected wife that at one time she took her two little girls, the eldest named for the dead Mercedes, and fled to her father's house. The King followed her, implored forgiveness, promised better behavior, and the domestic storms blew over; but it is hard to conceive of any real happiness for a woman tied to a profligate consumptive for a husband. It is said that he was so full of physical defects that he used to wear high heels and artistically padded coats and trousers in order to conceal the deficiencies of Nature.

For a little while after Alfonso's death, in 1885, the condition of poor Maria Christina was pitiable indeed. The hearts of the people were estranged from her because she was of alien blood, and both her position and her duties were left undefined. At last the Spanish deputies condescended to appoint her regent during the minority of little Mercedes, and there was an affecting scene in the Cortes when the Queen took the oath of office. There she stood in her widow's weeds among the brilliant uniforms of the soldiers, young, lonely, greatly misunderstood, and on the verge of motherhood. The sight of that pathetic figure changed the murmurs of dislike on the lips of her mercurial subjects to expressions of loyalty.

On a May morning, shortly after, great was the rejoicing when the cry went forth from the palace that a son was born, and shouts of *Viva el Rey* rent the air. Thus Alfonso XIII was never a Prince but always a King from the hour of his birth.

The two are always together, and, being of German extraction, Maria Christina has sensible ideas about the training of her boy. She does not wholly please the Spaniards, on account of her aversion to the National amusement of bull-fighting.

Although in these democratic days the power of a Sovereign is greatly limited in constitutional monarchies, we are glad to know—in view of possible war with Spain—that the Queen Regent is a woman of superior tact, with a nobility of soul and purity of life that command universal respect. Says one who has seen her: "She is an admirable Queen in her office as Queen and a most devoted mother.

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George Muller, the Friend of Orphans Few men have had so long a career of active beneficence as the late Mr. George Müller, of Bristol, England. He was born in Prussia in 1805, and preached his first sermon in 1826. Ever since 1834, when he founded his first orphanage, his work and life have been supported by the outside help of those who knew that he was doing good. Not in England only, but in Spain, Italy, the East Indies, and Essequibo, hundreds of thousands of poor children owe their education to his care. Millions of copies of the Bible have been circulated by his own agents through his "Scriptural Knowledge Institution," which was enthusiastically supported by the public.

He never advertised, for his work was its own best appeal. He traveled all over the world, and everywhere he found his friends. No fewer than one hundred and eleven millions of books and tracts were spread among his pupils during missionary operations, which extended to China, the Straits, British Guiana, all parts of Africa, Nova Scotia, Canada, the United States and Germany. His was the faith that moves mountains, for his simplicity was his strength, and he never wearied in well-doing.

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The Commander of the Department of the Gulf Brigadier-General William Montrose Graham, Commander of the new Army Department known as the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia, receives this new honor in the year when he is slated for retirement after continuous service since 1855. He was born in the District of Columbia in 1834, and began his army career as a Second Lieutenant in the First United States Artillery. He was assigned for his first active duty to the Everglades of Florida, where banditti once flourished as well as they did in the Wild West. Later, during the first two months of 1860, he was in the famous pursuit and battle with the Mexican bandit, Cortinas. Afterward he became a part of the Army of the Potomac and commanded the Second Brigade of horse artillery. After the Civil War for a time he was Assistant Inspector-General, Middle Military Division. He has been a fighter at every stage of his career. He was brevetted a Major for gallant and meritorious services during the Peninsula campaign, made a Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant services at the battle of Antietam, and a Brigadier-General in 1865 for gallant and meritorious services during the entire war. He was Major of the Fourth United States Artillery in 1879, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Artillery in 1887. He is considered to-day to be one of the most active commanding officers in the service. His old station at San Antonio at the head of the Department of Texas, now abolished, has kept him somewhat in the background, but in the event of war with Spain his new department would be the most important in the conflict, and he the centre of it. From his department would go out the forces designed to do battle with Spain in Cuba. The department unifies the South in one Army department, and forms a new link with the North and the West.

The Conquest of Fear

THE GREATEST TRIUMPH OF THE HUMAN RACE

By Thomas Bracket Reed

WHEN we boast in our pride a pride which is fully justified by our progress, of the steady upward trend of the human race, we do well for we see in it the great hope that we may be encouraged to believe of immortal origin and of immortal continuance. But when we do so we lay our greatest stress upon the mighty strides which have been made almost in our own day and generation.

We point to the disappearance of time and space which steam and electricity have wrought for us, to the railroads bringing within the limit of a hundred hours the confines of a great Empire to the telegraphs and telephones making communication already instantaneous over a thousand miles and almost instantaneous under all the circuit of the globe. We rejoice in the accumulation of wealth which all these things imply, for without the accumulation of wealth each and all impossible. Some of us also rejoice and take pride, most of all, in the glimpses we catch of the great part already played and the greater part to be played by the more equal distribution of profits and wealth among all the people, a distribution which is already visibly the mainspring of manufactures and internal improvements, the father of the electric car, the suburban home and the cheapness of all the necessaries of life. The more consumers the cheaper the product.

It would be idle to try to talk of all our achievements, of surgery banishing traumatic fever, of medical science on its road to the discovery of the origins of disease, and of the very heavens themselves catalogued and put in order. All these things are in our mouths familiar as household words.

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But if I were to select the greatest triumph of the human race, if I were to depict the mightiest struggle we ever went through, I should select our victory over the fear of the unknown and undiscovered, over demons and witches and all the false gods which mock when our fear cometh. That victory even yet is won for less than a third of the race and has been fought out within [illegible]

Situated as we are in the vanguard of civilization, filled with the certainty that all phenomena known and unknown are governed by laws and not by the good will or malice of creatures all about us, sure that by seeking we can find out the deepest mysteries of Nature, we can hardly have even a faint conception of a world peopled by demons and gods with earthy passions and hatreds.

Yet that was a world in which all human creatures once lived and so many of them live now. Our school children read of the Manes of the dead, of the Lares and Penates and of the sun god, of the gods of the tempest and the storm, and it never enters their heads or ours to think that these things, which are but faint shadows to us, were to those whose language we are puzzling out realities as fixed as are India and Rome to those of us who have never traveled. We think the deification of Roman Emperors was but a senseless piece of flattery to the dead, while to those who lived then it was the soundest reason that the kingly man in life should pass to a place equally lofty in the unseen world, and mingle with the affairs of earth from a loftier throne.

Not only are these things, which history has preserved, beyond our thoughts, but history itself does not take us back to the first beginning of the struggle. It is true that the industry of man has collected, out of the shattered memorials of other days, a fuller knowledge of each tribe and nation in the long gone past than even their neighbors had who lived beside them, nevertheless, there are but scant materials from which to make a vivid picture to be displayed to their comfortable, well housed descendants, of the life and struggles [illegible] from nakedness and caves to clothes and houses.

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No history can give us any just idea of the tension men must have been under while, during all the day, their main thought was the preservation of their lives from real dangers and their lives and souls from dangers imaginary. The every day strain was comparable only to the strain of battle. From it was no escape but fatalism. With dangers on all hands from unknown sources, with terrors all the more vast because the product of the imagination, there could be no comfort or rest except in perfect submission to the faith that what must be must.

The religions of the early ages so far as we can understand them, give us some ideas of the fear which was everywhere prevalent. Back of them were still other religions which disclosed still other fears of which we can have still less conception. To these fears inanimate matter was a living thing. What could be the sensations of a man who had no notion of hydraulics, as he struggled with a swiftly flowing river which bore his [illegible] all his efforts, whether he would not, or a mountain torrent which bruised and tore him with its rocks and overhanging branches? Why should not that river flowing forever, that mountain torrent pouring from the hillside so much stronger than he and all his tribe, be a god to him? And it was.

When he ranged through the forest and skulked home at nightfall and heard the wind in the trees uttering cries, why should he not make half gods of trees and fancy they had power over the affairs of this life? When his parents, whom he had seen all his life his superiors, became silent in death why should he not feel assured that these potencies still lived in such fashion that it was wise to worship them? The old Romans worshiped their ancestors with [illegible] great reverence as do the Chinese to-day.

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When the sun glared upon the primitive man with all its brightness, and he had [illegible] so far as to comprehend its power over the growing fruit and the waving grain, why should not the sun be to him Apollo of golden locks to be reverenced and worshiped? So also the winds, which blew in soothing motion made happiness and gentle gods, while those of tempestuous March made havoc and were cruel [illegible] The alternation of day and night became animate, and day and night became also. Ignorant of all the laws of Nature, knowing only by piecemeal what Nature does, how could he unite all Nature under one god and one law? Hence there was a god for everything, a god to be propitiated or a devil to be appeased. The race has very little knowledge beyond the results of the five senses, and the five senses themselves needed education.

It is said that the Zulu even now has to be struggled with in order to be made to comprehend that the drawing of [illegible] represents the wagon he sees every day; and there are citizens of America—not you or I, gentle reader, but others who, left to their own devices, would prefer a bright colored chromo to a sombre Rembrandt. But even the educated senses were sometimes the less assistance that ignorance had. The senses [illegible] long ages the most powerful proof that the earth neither turned round itself nor round anything else.

When Anaxagoras, twenty four centuries ago, in Athens itself in the cultured days of Pericles, declared that the heavens were a solid vault and the sun was a great stone ore and "a little larger than the Peloponnesus," an isthmus of nine thousand square miles, he made a great stride forward. But his declaration pulled down from the heavens the sun god Apollo, and all the power and eloquence of Pericles could scarcely save his life and could not save him from banishment. The people of Athens thought such a declaration impious. Now it would be regarded simply as grossly inaccurate.

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They were not necessarily wicked who put Galileo on the rack. It was clearly evident to anybody with eyes in the head of him that the earth did not move and that the sun and stars did. Besides, all literature and religion seemed to rest on the basis of the earth's immobility. This doctrine of the earth's revolution about the sun was a terrible break up of all existing thought, and those who did not want to commence thought all over again were conservative citizens, saving not only the solidity of the earth but of futurity—at least, it so seemed to them.

Not only did man have to contend with Nature and her mysteries, not only did he have to feel his way into the darkness, but he was himself one of his own obstacles. He could not frame a theory of the universe that was anything but a makeshift—and indeed has not done so even yet, but while the theory lasted, literature and religion built themselves around it and fought any new theory almost to death. Those who started new ideas could hardly be very strenuous about them until other people began dimly to see them also. To be right with the majority is safe and comforting but to side with the minority has led to martyrdoms and death. God and one may be a majority, but crucifixion and fagots may antedate the counting of the votes.

While any trace of the period of terror through which we have passed may in its [illegible] be beyond our appreciation, we can yet see and have some dim idea of that period if we consider what is even now going on in a distant part of our globe. We have passed the period of terror, but the East Indian has not. Look at the terrible story of the famine in India. Millions are dying there, and the world could give them all succor were it not for themselves. The unknown in their lives [illegible] that almost their whole existence [illegible] filled with terrors which have only [illegible] foundation. Death seems nothing compared with the possibilities of pollution. The sick are hidden from succor, and the living shrink away from terrors which are as harmless as the bicycle at which the horse used to rear into the air. Think too, of the real curdling dread of the evil eye and all its unknown possibilities. All over the East the terror still exists and it has not been wholly banished from our own days from Italy, Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland.

I should despair of conveying a notion of that fear of the unknown which must once have agitated the whole race if there were not, side by side with a man, a companion who has for him conquered space and by strength and speed helped more, perhaps than any other created thing to further the progress of man. The horse is swift and powerful. If he could direct his strength he could fearlessly meet all the dangers of life. Indeed under man's guidance on the battlefield, he has the praise of the Father Almighty; for out of a whirlwind the Lord commanded of Job if he had given the horse his strength, wherein he rejoices, and that terrible glory of the nostrils, wherewith he [illegible] eth the battle afar off the thunder of the Captains and the shouting. Yet this [illegible] kinds of energy and speed will go [illegible] every new thing, from a painted post or a pile of stones to the roar of a steam engine, and his terror is serious real and almost uncontrolable. Imagine man shaken with just such terror at the sounds of the earth and of the sky above him, with neither claws nor fighting teeth, and then think of him handling steam and the lightning.

One by one in a little moment each of us passes away swallowed up by that unknown we have ceased to fear. Yet while each is but mortal, the race has a just and a future for it has the eternal years of God to help it onward to perfection.—The Cosmopolitan.

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The Famous Krupp Family

WHERE OVER 20,000 MEN MAKE GUNS

THE City of Essen is located in the center of a hilly valley, which abounds in coal and iron ore, and the digging for both, and the melting of the ore and casting the metal into ingots and rolling it into bars, has been the occupations of the inhabitants for centuries, says a writer in The Iron Age.

Friedrich Krupp, the founder of the great works bearing his name, was born in 1787 and when crucible cast steel was first being introduced in England and its importation from there into Germany had been made impossible through the edict of Napoleon called "the Continental sperre," Krupp began to produce crucible cast steel in small quantities for files, stamps, rolls for coins and shears, but only slowly could he convince and persuade German manufacturers to use his cast steel after a life full of disappointments and hardships, and after a long and severe illness he died in 1826, leaving to his son Alfred little else than the old homestead, which still stands in the midst of the great works, and the secret of his invention.

Alfred Krupp's energy and enterprise soon conquered. His first success was to be able to furnish a cast steel of unvarying degree of hardness, thereby increasing its adaptability for many new purposes. Next came the invention of the weldless car wheel tires, patented in 1853 in all countries which furnished him capital for enlarging his plant.

In 1805 he interested himself in coal mines, iron ore mines and furnaces which should furnish the material for his own works, and in 1867 he began to reap the harvest from his experiments, inaugurated long since, with steel cannons, and the great Franco German war of 1870-71 proved their superiority to the old bronze cannons.

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Since then the success of these works and their growth have been phenomenal, and when Alfred Krupp closed the busy and successful and philanthropic work of his life in 1887, at Villa Hugel, his princely home on the side hills of the valley of the Ruhr, the City of Essen, in recognition of his great work, erected in his memory a beautiful monument on the most prominent square of the city, and deputations from many nations mourned at his grave.

Essen is a city of 96,000 inhabitants, and over 20,000 of this population are employed in the works of the able and energetic son of Alfred Krupp—Friedrich Alfred. Over 1,000 acres of ground are covered with buildings and machinery. Many coal mines furnish fuel for the works, over 400 iron ore mines furnish the metal, and large iron ore deposits in Spain near Bilbao have been purchased in addition, and a special fleet of steamers have been built which bring over 300,000 tons Spanish ore from Spain to the German coast and up the Rhine. Twenty furnaces, at Duisburg and at Neuwied on the Rhine, are reducing this ore for the Krupp works and [illegible] by them.

The main street of Essen divides the Krupp works into two parts, connected overhead with innumerable mammoth steam pipes and bridges, and parallel with it running east and west, the tracks of the Rhenish railway pass the works in the north, while in the south the railroad leading from Dusseldorf to Bremen, Hamburg and Berlin skirts the mills. Innumerable tracks connect these two main lines of railroad.

Training the Will

THE BEST EDUCATION IN THE WORLD

IT IS somewhat curious to notice that many of those persons who insist most strongly on the power of the will to do the right and to avoid the wrong, says the Public Ledger, are yet apparently uninterested in the slow and gradual development of that power. They admit the necessity of long and careful training in almost every other direction but seem to let it for granted that the will is an exception, that it lies full fledged in every human breast only awaiting a sudden resolution to bring it into active existence.

They do not look for an adept in art or literature or science among those who have never been initiated into the secrets. They do not expect to find a good carpenter or blacksmith who has never learned the trade, but acknowledge that the hand needs long practice to become skilful, that the mind requires constant exercise to become strong, that our powers and faculties in general depend for their ability upon wise training and continual activity, but it does not seem to occur to them that the will is likewise subject to the same laws and that it also needs as much and as judicious a location as any other part of our inner natures.

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Instead of this they suppose that it can be called into immediate and intelligent action at any time, though it may have had little or no preparation. They advise or exhort a man to leave off drinking, for example, who has the habit ingrained within him, or another to be industrious when long years of idleness lie behind him, or another to be merciful when he has always been cruel or generous, when he has always been selfish. They fully believe that such transformations depend entirely on the present choice of the person concerned, when, in fact, the will having been always exerted in the opposite direction is unable to make a sudden and permanent change. The rebukes and condemnation which follow are therefore often just, not that the actions themselves are innocent, but that the real delinquency extends far back.

On the other hand, the respect and admiration which we accord to the truthful, industrious and honest citizen should not exhaust itself on his present actions, but rather be extended over the long series of years during which his will power has been constantly brought into action in favor of the right and the good.

If the vast importance of the careful patient and continued culture of the will power were but realized it would soon take its place among the foremost aims of education. To its neglect may be traced most of the impotence, the self indulgence, the physical ailments, the mental vacuity, the broken resolutions, the injustice and selfishness and general moral turpitude which bring so much misery in their train.

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Children are taught all manner of things with assiduity in this educational age, yet how seldom are they regularly and systematically trained to exert their will power in their thoughts, to control their emotions, to withdraw from one set of reflections and to welcome another, to form those mental and moral habits which will conduce to their permanent welfare and to avoid forming those which will injure and corrupt them! We teach them the [illegible] govern the motion of the planets, but neglect to teach them the laws which govern their own healthy mental capacity and moral character. We are satisfied if they yield to the authority of parent or teacher, but we forget that their entire future must depend [illegible] on the will of another, but upon their own. Their years of dependence are wasted unless they are fitted for independence, unless they are led to build up a character for themselves by continual and persevering self control.

The same element of will training is the [illegible] of all the self culture of adult life. We learn many things and strive for many things; we have various aims and ends in life and incidentally the will is, of course, called into action, but it is seldom in itself made an object of earnest desire, to strengthen and elevate it to direct and guide it form but a small part of human effort.

Dr. Maudsley well says: "The life of an individual in this [illegible] civilization, is assuredly not a life in which the best use is made of his physical, moral and intellectual capacities. When we search into the causes of disease how many diseases are directly or indirectly traceable to breaches of those laws which govern the development and the health of the body! * * * When we pass from the consideration of the management of the body to the consideration of that of mind, we shall discover as little evidence of a sincere desire and resolution to bring the feelings and thoughts into harmony with Nature, and to develop the powers of the mind to the utmost. There is hardly any one who sets self development before himself as an aim in life.

Yet what can be more important, more vital, more all embracing? If it is slow and laborious, demanding constant attention and persevering effort, it is because nothing of import is easy of attainment, nothing worthy of our manhood is gained without striving.

The World's Most Conservative People

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHINESE NATION

By E. Bard

TO PRESERVE an imperturbable expression is the object of life in China. This means that pride governs the lives of great and small. In intercourse with the Chinese of all classes, whether servants, merchants, or tradesmen of any kind with whom you transact business, never, absolutely never, will they ask you to explain that which they have not clearly understood, to do so would be to lose dignity and they would be supposed to be unintelligent.

That is manifested in a thousand vexations and annoyances daily. They always reply to you, "Yes," even when they have understood nothing and the result is not infrequently unpleasant. It is almost useless to give an order if you cannot have it executed in your presence, or put in progress of execution. The Chinaman acts according to his understanding of your order, and hence does exactly contrary to what you desire.

Persons asked to pronounce upon a dispute between Chinese must be careful not to prove entirely wrong the one who merits blame. The wrongdoer must be allowed to retain his dignity, at least, in part. If a servant loses an article for which he is responsible, he will tell you that he does not need the money that you are preparing to withhold from his wages, and thus his dignity is, in some degree, preserved.

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The spirit of economy in the Chinese race transcends all that can be imagined. The smallest particle of matter is utilized. The old cast-off account book of the merchant is cut into pieces and oiled to serve instead of glass in windows or lanterns. A coolie who has a six hours' march with a heavy burden will return to his point of departure without breaking his fast, to save the two cents his breakfast would have cost away from home.

Nothing is more curious than to see them eat, although, with their famous chopstick they do not perform all the wonderful feats generally supposed. Everything is served them in bowls, or saucers, and with the chopsticks they raise the pieces of meat or fish to the mouth, with sufficient grace. Each one has a bowl of rice, which he holds near his lips, and with the aid of the chopsticks he pushes the contents into his mouth. It is very curious to see them pick up with their chopsticks the grains of rice that fall on the ground. The children are taught this art from their earliest years, nothing must be lost, not even the smallest grain. What remains of the repast is put carefully away to be served at another meal. Their dogs and cats are not over fed, as the scraps from the table are rare.

Europeans regard politeness as an expression of those qualities of the heart which render the person who desires to be polite agreeable to those with whom he is thrown. The Chinese look upon the matter from an entirely different standpoint. The same sentiment which accords importance to the preservation of dignity regulates his actions as regards politeness. It is pride that leads him more than anything else. If he does not know the proper etiquette he loses his social standing and some of his dignity.

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There are three hundred ceremonial rules for public life and three thousand rules of conduct for private life. It is not well for him if he does not know them. For example, salutations on grand occasions such as marriages and other ceremonies must be made toward the north. A person who, ignorant of this rule, does not place himself in the proper position, will find the Chinaman he is saluting turning his back to him and making his bow toward the north.

At chess the players announce their moves in the following manner:

"I carry my insignificant king's pawn two squares in front."

To which the adversary replies:

"I displace my humble king's pawn in the same manner."

"I attack your honorable king's pawn with my contemptible king's fool."

And so on. If you are not familiar with this ceremonial, you are a barbarian.

The Chinaman cares little if the manifestations of his politeness impress you disagreeably. It is, in his eyes, important that he should show you that he knows the customs. He will kindle for you a fire of which you have no need if you are his guest, give you tea without sugar, which you detest, but he has thus proved that he knows how to treat his guests, and he is perfectly indifferent as to whether his mode is agreeable or not. In common with the European peasant, he fills your plate to overflowing whether you are hungry or not.

There is in the Chinese language a vocabulary of words indispensable for him who desires to be considered polished, a vocabulary in which all that appertains to him who speaks is treated with contempt, and all that belongs to the interlocutor is held in high honor. A polished Chinaman, if he has to speak of his wife designates her as his "insupportable incumbrance" or by some other equally amiable figure of rhetoric. The peasant, although ignorant of these expressions, knows that politeness exacts that he should address the companion of his joys and trials as his "beastly wife."

Here is an example of their puerile politeness: A Chinese, arrayed in his most beautiful costume, who presented himself at a house, disturbed a rat who was enjoying himself in a jar of oil. The rat in his flight [illegible] upon the visitor, whose dress was ruined. While the unfortunate visitor was still pale with rage, his host entered the apartment, and after the usual salutation the visitor explained his misadventure: "As I entered your honorable apartment I had the misfortune to alarm your honorable rat, which in taking flight overturned your honorable jar of oil upon my miserable and insignificant clothing, which explains the contemptible condition in which you find me in your honorable presence."

To determine on your conduct when a Chinese offers you a present is the most difficult thing in the world. Certain things are not offered to be accepted, and others may not be refused peremptorily. In a general manner nevertheless, one may accept, understanding perfectly that the gift must be returned a hundred fold.

"Time is money," say the English, a saying without any kind of import to the Chinese. Time is not divided with them into hours. The day is divided into two parts. The morning and the evening. That is all. If you have promised something for the morning between six o'clock and noon, from the moment you are in China you are considered prompt if, within the limits of that time, you accomplish your promise.

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If the Chinese possess watches, it is because their ticking affords them amusement, but they forget often to wind them, and do not comprehend at all that the European counts the minutes, and becomes impatient when made to lose them.

If a Chinese merchant calls to propose a business affair, a pipe and a cup of tea must be offered him. He will seat himself, chat, converse with the ladies, and, after having passed an entire morning, or afternoon, thus, will end by talking business.

Visits of ceremony are the most formidable tax on European patience that can be imposed. He who receives the visit of a Chinaman does not know, even after several hours, when he is likely to take his departure. A celebrated English traveler, Sir Mackenzie, who was assassinated in Burmah, designated the Chinese as "friends who enter, but never depart."

One may say of the Chinese with the greatest truth, what cannot be said of any other nation, that the time that is past was their golden age. It was the theory of Confucius that a good government made a good people. The Prince is the vase, the people the water, if the vase is round the water is round, if the vase is square the water is square. It is thus that they think all virtues flourish where model governments exist. The most ignorant among the coolies will tell you, if occasion serves, that in the days of Yao and Shun it was not necessary to close your doors at night, because there were no thieves.

A mandarin said recently to a missionary: "The proof, that we have a social state which does not require to be changed, is that we have continued our march through centuries while the brilliant civilizations of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans, who had almost reached our frontiers, [illegible] never engulfed." This mandarin, in my opinion, was right as well as wrong. If a people, endowed with such virtue, endurance, discipline, and ardor in work, had the good fortune to find governors worthy of them they would become one of the most prosperous of nations.

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The Chinese regard their classics as the Christians do the Old Testament. They are supposed to contain all that humanity has discovered of the highest and best in the dominion of wisdom and to be as applicable to the present time as to the time past. That any addition could be made to the Chinese classics would not enter into the mind of a Chinese, as it would never enter into that of a Christian that any addition to the Bible could be made or desired.

It is difficult for a traveler, who visits China to understand that the country has been in close touch with Europeans for three hundred and sixty years. During this period the attitude of the Occidentals has demonstrated nothing that can render us particularly proud. It is only since 1860 that in diplomatic instructions, the term barbarian, which was employed before that time to designate strangers, has been suppressed. The constant jealousy of the Europeans between themselves had so long allowed the Chinese to play with them, that the Chinese remained convinced of their superiority until the downfall of Peking. But if they yielded any recognition to the merits of the Europeans, it is not necessary to live long in China to find that the attitude of the Chinese is far from being respectful.

The first singularity that the Chinese note in a stranger is his dress. It is true that the costume of the Orientals does not tend to liberty of action, and they gesticulate but little. When they examine our black coats, above all, the buttons, no one of which are used, our vests and all our linen, they are surprised, and ask of what use it is to cover ourselves with material so oddly cut. If the masculine dress lends itself to this criticism of the Chinese, one may imagine what they think of the feminine attire, each part of which cannot be defended otherwise than that it is suited to the pleasure of the wearer.

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The ignorance in which we are in general respecting their language fills even the most miserable among the Chinese with a sentiment of superiority. He knows, and we do not know. It never enters his mind that we can return his contempt, and when we do learn his language it does not raise us in his estimation, because he then despises us all the more for the mistakes we make.

Ignorance of their customs and laws is also a cause of disdain toward us; and even if they admit that we are their superiors in arts and mechanics, they still consider that much of that which we accomplish is inexplicable, as well as useless.

Their literary men, and their men of state, recognize the inferiority of China, but they recall the ancient Chinese, who cultivated mathematics and natural sciences, and whose descendants will not permit the Occidentals to rob them of their secrets.

For them the cultivated man is a fossil who has made prodigious feats of memory and is armed with knowledge, but who is practically useless in supporting himself, for they say "the superior man is not a tool."

The fact that three religions divide this innumerable people is one of the best proofs of their conservative minds. Conservative in customs, the cook in making an omelet, throws away regularly the first egg he breaks, because the person who taught him to make an omelet found the first egg he broke to be bad. What is once done is repeated always.

This is what renders the Chinese servants incomparable. They watch you closely, they observe your ways and habits and conform to them. It is, thanks to this conservative spirit and respect to precedents, that a breach may be made in Chinese conservatism. It remains only for a stranger to place the Chinese face to face with a thing accomplished, and to defend the situation with energy, and he will yield, and, once the custom, or habit, is established, it is never done away with.

Nothing that can be said upon the subject of clothing will transcend reality. Almost all winter they wear quilted garments of double thickness, which are cumbersome and unwieldy. The masses display in their apparel a very bad condition, and not infrequently holes are in evidence. The undergarments are unknown to the Chinese.

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Their enormous vestments hang like sacks upon their bodies, leaving spaces through which the cold may enter at will, but nothing would induce them to wear anything else. Their shoes have felt soles, permeable to the least moisture, and the feet are never warm.

They never have pockets. Those who use handkerchiefs—something very rare—usually thrust them into their breasts, through the opening in their vestments. If one need to carry a paper, it is tucked in the belt, a sort of cord which holds the pantaloons.

For sleeping the Chinese have no garment of any kind. They do not undress, or if they do they roll themselves naked in their bed coverings.

Newly born children are not clothed. They are placed beneath the bed covers, and are uncovered whenever they are to be displayed to a visitor. The change of temperature caused by this system is sufficient explanation of the frightful mortality among the Chinese children. When the children are larger, in certain regions, they are put into a sort of sack, divided in the lower part to admit the limbs, and this sack is filled with sand, or earth, and a frequent saying respecting persons of little experience is: "That they have not as yet left their earth pantaloons."

It is not rare to hear said by people who know the Chinese that it is not a civilized country. Civilization is confounded with comfort. It is certain that we admit that the England of Milton and Shakespeare, of Queen Elizabeth, was civilized, and yet not one of us would be willing to live in the uncomfortable conditions of that period.

One hundred years have elapsed since salt smugglers were hung in France, they decapitate them now in China; but what is a hundred years, and are we so far in advance of despised China?—Translated by The Parisian from the Revue pour les Jeunes Filles.

With Russia's Second Czar

THE POWER OF GENERAL KRIEGELS

OF COURSE Nicholas II is the real Czar of St. Petersburg, as he is of all the Russias, but there is a man representing him in the City Government who has such comprehensive powers that, for ordinary people, who cannot get near the Emperor himself, he is the only Czar they ever personally know or have any dealings with, says a writer in the New York Tribune. I refer to the Prefect of the city, or the gradonachalnik, as he is called in Russian.

What distinguishes him from the ordinary governor of a town is that he is busied mainly with the police, being their Chief throughout the city limits. The Governors of smaller towns are nominally also at the head of the local police forces, but they have under them officials called masters, who are supposed to relieve them of the more burdensome duties.

The gradonachalnik of St. Petersburg, on the other hand, supervises nearly every department of this branch of the City Government, and as one can hardly do anything in Russia, good or bad, without coming in contact with the police sooner or later, it is not difficult to understand how far-reaching his powers may be. Formerly he is said to have had even greater authority.

Generally he is a military officer as well and the present incumbent has the rank of General. He always wears his uniform and is saluted by soldiers as well as by his policemen. A man gets the position of gradonachalnik on account of demonstrated superior ability, and it is expected that he shall have had creditable experience in the police organizations of other cities.

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General Kriegels the present Prefect had done good work in the police force of Warsaw before getting to St. Petersburg, and the fact that the position involves more or less responsibility for the safety of the Czar, in public ceremonies in the city, is further evidence that the man who gets it is likely to be worthy.

The building where the Prefect lives, and which also serves as the headquarters of the various departments under his supervision, is situated in the Gorochavaia, near the admiralty. Here he keeps in touch with everything connected with his work, and he has over two hundred secretaries, clerks and other officials to help him.

He begins work early in the morning, and by nine o'clock there is already a crowd of petitioners waiting in the reception room to ask him for favors. They come on all manner of errands—about passports, troubles with the police, family quarrels, and even private business matters.

There is one experience with the Prefect which I have to relate, and it is the only one I know about when he had to go to his superiors for consultation and advice. I tell it both for this reason and because it is a sufficient illustration of the red tape which has to be gone through before one can give a public lecture in Russia for which tickets are sold. I had been asked to give a talk on some of my studies among tramps and criminals for the benefit of a charity, and had gladly consented.

Under ordinary circumstances the Prefect gives the permits for lectures, and the tickets can be printed only after he has done so, but the title of mine, "Tramping with Tramps and Criminals," rather frightened him, and he said that he must consult with the Minister of the Interior before the permit could be given.

This gentleman desired that I write out a synopsis of what I was going to say, so that he could judge more intelligently whether it would be harmful or not. The word "criminals" made both him and the Prefect pause, and they wanted to be sure that I was not going to launch into any seditious harangue. An outline of the lecture was sent to the Minister, and he finally decided that he had nothing against its being given, but that for formality's sake the programme must go to the Chief of the Secret Police.

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This official, after about ten days of waiting, concluded that he, also, had no serious objection to make except that it might be just as well if I did not refer to my experiences in Russia. Again, however, for formality's sake, he advised that the programme be sent to the Minister of Education, which it was. It remained with him a week, when he very generously sent it back to the Prefect with a written statement that he could discover nothing likely to injure anybody.

The Prefect then ordered that the permit be written out, and it was sent to the gentleman having the matter in hand, via the police station of the district in which he lived. A common policeman called at his door one day and left the precious document, which I now keep wholly as a relic.

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At a Costume Ball.—Foote appeared as a fool at a masquerade where there were several ladies attired as Diana, one of whom, pointing to his costume, said: "So, Mr. Fool, we seem to be all in character here." "No, madam," retorted he, "for if we were, there would be more fools and no Dianas."

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

A Kiss—From the Spanish

By Sandra Enos

BECAUSE I kissed thee, Minguillo,
My mother keeps scolding at me;
Then give back, oh, give back, carillo,
The kiss that I gave unto thee.

Give me one long and sweet like the other,
And scolding in future I'll shun;
For then I can say to my mother
That we have the mischief undone.
Thou'lt a gainer be by it, Minguillo,
And by it a gainer I'll be;
Then give back, oh, give back, carillo,
The kiss that I gave unto thee.

Give it quickly, because, unforgiving,
My mother makes such an ado.
One away thou wilt seem to be giving,
Yet thou in its place wilt have two.
So we over her triumph, Minguillo,
And keep her from scolding at me;
Then give back, oh, give back, carillo,
The kiss that I gave unto thee.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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Origin of the Game of Chess

TO-DAY it is the accepted belief that India was the original home of chess, and that it was transplanted thence to Persia in the sixth century of our era, says a writer in Macmillan's Magazine. Firdusi, the Persian poet, tells, in his great epic, Shah Nameh (the Book of Kings), a curious story about the introduction of the game. There came one day to the great King Naushirawan, an envoy from his tributary, the King of Hind, bearing among rich presents a handsome chess-board and the strangest letter ever sent to overlord, proposing a riddle to His Almighty Majesty, and insisting on a solution of it. Naushirawan was to set his wise men to discover, from the board and the pieces, the principles of the game. If they succeeded, then the King of Hind would dutifully pay his tribute as heretofore. If they failed, then clearly wisdom did not dwell with them, and he could no longer demean himself by paying tribute to the lord of such ignoramuses; rather would he claim tribute himself.

Naushirawan was sorely perplexed. He handled the pieces and examined the board; he tried to bribe the envoy to reveal the secret; at length he begged seven days' grace. Then he summoned his wise men from far and near and put to them the puzzle. They were as nonplussed as the Egyptian wise men were to interpret Pharaoh's dreams. They pulled long faces and consulted the stars: they wrangled and argued; but all was in vain. At length a Joseph appeared in the person of the King's chief counsellor, who had hitherto held aloof in regard for his dignity, but who now promised that, given secrecy and seclusion, he would read this riddle. In a day and a night he returned from his study and expounded to the Court the mysteries of chess, to the King's great joy, the envoy's chagrin, and the salvation of the revenue. Thus was chess introduced into Persia.

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The First Explorer of the Arctic

THE hardy mariners who were the pioneers in polar discovery achieved wonders, considering that they had everything to learn about methods of Arctic work and that their vessels and equipment were very inadequate, says Harper's Weekly. One of the greatest of all Arctic voyagers was the man who commanded the first true polar expedition, William Barentz.

He sailed from Holland in 1594, on the little fishing-smack Mercurius, and the object of his voyage shows how ignorant the merchants and shipping-men of those days were as to the navigability of the Arctic seas. Barentz pushed into the unknown for the purpose of sailing round the north end of Nova Zembla and finding a northeast passage to China: for a month he skirted the wall of ice that barred his way, seeking in every direction for a lane by which he might travel through the pack, putting his vessel about eighty-one times and traveling back and forth along the ice edge for seventeen hundred miles. The highest point north he attained, during this careful examination of the ice edge, was six hundred and fourteen statute miles south of the highest point reached by Nansen, or eight hundred and seventy-four miles from the Pole.

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Banquets in Merry Old England

ANCIENTLY great ingenuity was exercised in the making of ornamental sweetmeats for table decoration, says the Gentleman's Magazine. At great banquets a "subtiltee," or "sotelty," or "sutillee," as it was variously termed—an elaborate device in sugar or pastry, or in both—closed each course, and this device usually bore some reference, humorous or otherwise, to the occasion which caused the entertainment.

It was to ornament the magnificent feasts which represented gastronomic taste and lavish expenditure during the reigns of William Rufus, Henry III, Richard II and Henry IV, that subtiltees were invented. At the coronation feast of Henry V, in 1421, there was a subtiltee of "a pelican sitting on her nest with her young," and "an image of St. Catherine holding a book and disputing with the Doctors."

The enthronization feast of Archbishop Nevill at York was one of the most notable of historic banquets. Among the sweetmeats were "cold tartes, baked, four thousand; cold custards, baked, three thousand; hot custards, two thousand," besides "spices, sugared delicacies, and wafers plentie." The subtiltees were of the most elaborate kind. One represented a Doctor of Divinity being led into his pulpit by a demon. At another great feast, the enthronization of Archbishop Wareham, Chancellor of Oxford, in 1503, a subtiltee represented St. Augustine and his attendant in the act of petitioning King Ethelbert for leave to preach Christianity in his dominions. Another represented the eight towers of the university. In every tower stood a bedell, and under the towers were figures of the King, to whom Chancellor Wareham, encircled by many Doctors properly habited, presented Latin verses which were answered by His Majesty. Other devices, such as the four seasons, with Latin inscriptions, appeared at this feast.

A favorite device of the master cook was a real peacock, feathers, tail and all. At Archbishop Nevill's feast there were no fewer than a hundred and four peacocks so treated. Many of the subtiltees which appeared at banquets were upon religious subjects, and others related to incidents in English history. Furnace, the cook in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts (1633), speaks of raising "fortifications in pastry which, if they had been practiced at Breda, Spinola might have thrown his cap at it and ne'er took it." All subtiltees were elaborate.

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What Colors Mean in a Room

SOME colors are refreshing and broadening, others absorb light and give a boxed-up appearance to a room; still others make any room with a bleak northern exposure, or with no exposure at all, appear bright and cheerful, while some make a room appear warm, and some make it seem cold, says the Boston Journal.

The thermometer seems to fall to six degrees when you walk into a blue room. Yellow is an advancing color; therefore, a room fitted up in yellow will appear smaller than it is. On the other hand, blue of a certain shade, introduced generously into a room, will give an idea of space. Red makes no difference in regard to size. Green makes very little.

If a bright, sunny room gets its light from a space obtruded upon by russet-colored or yellow-painted houses, or else looks out upon a stretch of green grass, it should be decorated in a color very different from the shade chosen if the light comes from only an unbroken expanse of sky. If olive or red-brown be used in conjunction with mahogany furniture, the result is very different from what it would be if blue were used. Blue would develop the tawny orange lurking in the mahogany. Red brings out in a room whatever hint of green lurks in the composition of the other colors employed. Green needs sunlight to develop the color in it and make it seem cheerful.

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Electric Lights in the Catacombs

WITHIN twelve months the catacombs of Rome will be illuminated by nineteenth century incandescent electric lights, says the Ashland News. The Westinghouse Company, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was recently informed by its Rome representative that he had secured the contract for lighting the catacombs of St. Callistus, St. Agnes, St. Cyraca, St. Demitilla, St. Priscilla, and St. Bentianus. Some months ago the subterranean burial-ground of St. Callistus was lighted, and the effect was so satisfactory that the persons in charge decided to have electricity put in all the catacombs.

Six motors, capable of supply current for not less than four hundred and fifty lamps, will be placed in the six catacombs. Each motor will be separate. The motor to be placed in St. Callistus catacomb, the largest in Rome, will generate power to run an elevator from the entrance building on the surface. Each dynamo will be driven by an engine at three hundred revolutions per minute. The switchboards will be made of Tennessee marble. Drop lights will be in front of every row of tombs. The wiring for the area-ways will also be done by Americans.

It Could Not Happen Now

By Frederick Langbridge

ERE country ways had turned to street,
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet,
And often she'd neglect her task,
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look, and she would look,
And both would look away,
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother.

Our girls are wiser now;
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow;
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
Would rearrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
Which bow she ought to wear;
"Why do you blush like that?"
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown, and ask,
"Why do you blush like that?"
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met a week ago
That stupid, staring fellow.

Our girls are wiser now,
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow;
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad,
He'd make his mother cry.
"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse!
My boy so blithe and brave,
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave!"
And lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
With laugh, and song, and caper;
And there!—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue paper.

Our boys are wiser now.

—Good Words

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Story of a Famous Fiddle

IN CONNECTION with the recent death of Mr. Laurie, the Glasgow violin expert, reference was made to his having had through his hands the famous Stradivarius violin, which has come to be known, somewhat irreverently, if not absurdly, as "The Messiah," says Scots' Pictorial. The instrument is now in the possession of Mr. R. Crawford, of Edinburgh, who a few years ago paid no less than $10,000 for it.

As recently as 1872, Charles Reade (who knew as much about fiddles as about the trade of letters), had valued the instrument at $3000, putting the worth of the varnish alone at over $2500! Villaume, the high priest of fiddle-making in Paris, had it at this time. He kept it till his death, in 1875. From Villaume the treasure descended to M. Alard, the great French violinist, who gave $5000 for it. He died in 1888, and two years later Mr. Crawford paid $10,000 for it.

There is some reason for the high figure. The instrument is the only one that has come down from Stradivarius' own hands in a state of perfect preservation. It has been very little played upon, and its glowing, ruddy varnish is as fresh as if it had been put on only a week or two ago.

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Wonders of Ocean's Depths

THE temperature at the bottom of the ocean is as a rule nearly down to freezing point, says the Nineteenth Century, and sometimes even falls below it. There is a total absence of light as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about a ton to the square inch in every thousand fathoms, which is one hundred and sixty times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in.

At two thousand five hundred fathoms the pressure is thirty times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train. As late as 1880, a leading zoölogist explained the existence of deep-sea animals, at such depths, by assuming that their bodies were composed of solids and liquids of great density, and contained no air. This, however, is not the case with deep-sea fish, which are provided with air-inflated swimming-bladders.

If one of these fish, in full chase after its prey, happens to ascend beyond a certain level, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and carries it, in spite of its efforts, still higher in its course. In fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and no doubt meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level, and long before their bodies reach the surface in a distorted and unnatural state.

The fauna of the deep sea—with a few exceptions hitherto only known as fossils—are new and specially modified forms of families, generally inhabiting shallow waters in ancient times, but driven down to the depths of the ocean by more powerful rivals in the battle of life, much as ancient Britons were compelled to withdraw to the barren and inaccessible fastnesses of Wales. Some of their organs have undergone considerable modification in correspondence to the changed conditions of their new abodes. Down to nine hundred fathoms their eyes generally become enlarged, to make the best of the faint light which may possibly penetrate there. After one thousand fathoms these organs are still further enlarged, or so greatly reduced that in some species they disappear altogether, and are replaced by enormously long feelers. The only light at great depths which would enable large eyes to be of any service is the phosphorescence of deep-sea animals.

At the surface this light is often very powerful. Sir Wyville Thomson has recorded one occasion on which the sea at night was "a perfect blaze of phosphorescence, so strong that lights and shadows were thrown on the sails, and it was easy to read the smallest print." It is thought possible by several naturalists, that certain portions of the sea-bottom may be as brilliantly illumined by this sort of light as the streets of a European city after sunset. Some deep-sea fish have two parallel rows of small circular phosphorescent organs running along the whole length of their bodies, and, as they glide through the dark waters of the profound abysses, they must look like model mail ships with rows of shining port-holes.

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Character Shown in Walking

OBSTINACY is indicated by a slow, heavy and flat-footed style of walking, says the California Call, while miserliness may be suspected from short, nervous and anxious footsteps. Turned-in toes generally characterize the absent-minded, and a stoop the very studious and deeply reflective, whose thoughts are ever wandering.

Sly, cunning people walk with a noiseless, even and stealthy tread, resembling that of a cat. A proud person generally takes even steps, holds the figure upright, the head a little back, and turns the toes well out. A gay and volatile person trips lightly and easily, in sympathy with his or her nature. Character is shown by all sorts of oddities in gait, but for grace and elegance no civilian's walk will bear comparison with that of men who have received military training. No two people walk exactly alike, and the student of character finds as much to interest him in the way people walk as in any peculiarity they may have of feature. Quick steps denote agitation; slow steps, either long or short, suggest a gentle or rather contemplative turn of mind.

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Lighting a Lamp with a Snowball

WHEN a small piece of potassium, the size of half a grain of corn, is dropped into a tumblerful of water, some of the oxygen of the water leaves its hydrogen, owing to the intense heat which the chemical action produces, and combines with the metallic potassium, causing a violet bluish flame. When the piece of potassium is placed on the wick of a coal-oil or alcohol lamp, the flame produced by touching the potassium with a bit of snow, ice or water, will light the lamp.

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Biggest Receipt on Record

A CHECK was recently received by United States Treasurer Roberts, from ex-Treasurer D. N. Morgan, in payment of the deficiency of $856 discovered by the count of cash in the Treasury vaults. This is the amount stolen in silver dollars for which pieces of lead were substituted by the thief. Upon receiving the check Treasurer Roberts signed this receipt:

"Received from D. N. Morgan, retired Treasurer of the United States, seven hundred and ninety-six million, nine hundred and twenty-five thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine dollars, seventeen and two-thirds cents, for which receipts have been given in detail: Cash, $198,107,419.04; Treasurer's transfer account, $26,036,568.24; United States paper currency in reserve vault, $301,952,000. Incomplete certificates of deposit, Act June 8, 1872 (in vault No. 6), $1,520,000; bonds and other securities held in trust, $269,309,451,893/."

Treasurer Roberts said that this was the largest receipt for money ever given in the United States, if not in the world. The amount is larger by about $56,000,000 than that for which Mr. Morgan became responsible when he assumed the office of Treasurer of the United States.

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How Chickens Sleep Standing

THE mechanism of the leg and foot of a chicken or any bird that roosts on a limb is marvelous. It seems strange that a bird will sleep all night without falling off a limb, but the explanation is perfectly simple and easily understood.

The tendon of the leg of a bird that roosts is so arranged that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws are bound to contract, and thus hold with a sort of death-grip the limb round which they are placed.

Put a chicken's feet on your wrist and make the bird sit down, and you will have a practical illustration that you will remember. By this singular arrangement, seen only in such birds as roost, they will rest comfortably, and never think of holding on, for it is impossible for them to let go until they stand up, and, therefore, they cannot fall.

What Bright Travelers Have Seen

PEN-PICTURES OF FOREIGN LANDS

In the Land of the Lotus

OUR TRIP ALONG THE NILE

By Marie Graham

"HEAVEN bless the man who invented sleep," said that famous tourist, Sancho Panza; but he who visits Cairo at this time, with the hundreds who constitute "ably conducted parties," finds himself assigned to sleep either in a bathroom or on top of a billiard table [says Miss Graham in the Chicago Post]. These improvised beds are not like the others, provided with mosquito nets, and Egypt wouldn't be Egypt without a plague of some kind. The torments are doing their best to revive the Mosaic period. Mingling with the crowd are the Anglomaniacs, who immediately affect pith hats lined with green, with a yard or two of pugree trailing from them, and wear smoked glasses.

Despite the extent of Egyptian bibliography, stereopticon lectures and women's club essays, a first glance at the minarets and copper-crescented domes of Cairo is an inspiration. After a sea-voyage it is well to linger for a little diversion before entering upon the study of Egyptology. This capital of a country whose history is the oldest known, is, by comparison, modern.

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To sit on the famed terrace of Shepherd's Hotel was formerly the dream of a life; but the new Shepherd's is prosaic where the old was romantic. The panoramic procession of camels, Bedouins, dazzling pashas, etc., have given place to modern equipages. Snarling donkey boys and sham-antique pedlers occupy the space in front of the hotel.

Shepherd's of to-day is rather a social rendezvous of smartly dressed people—a sort of residential club of those who have come here to winter. The little schoolma'am who has wandered here, with only a steamer trunk full of clothes, would find herself very conspicuous for her plainness as well as in the other large hostelries, like Ghezireh Palace. She can, perhaps, be entertained as an "angel" at the American Mission. The landlords of the large hotels are never respecters of persons—it is a matter of pocketbooks. Jew and Gentile, lord and shopkeeper, may touch elbows at any of the large hotels.

Mosques are as numerous in Cairo as cathedrals in Rome. The most beautiful is that of Mohammed-Ali, also termed the Alabaster Mosque, near the citadel.

Ramadan, a whole month's fast of the Mohammedans, has just concluded. Its last day is one in which Allah listens to the prayers of the faithful, so the Khedive went to the Mosque that night to pray. A large number of tourists preceded him. We peered through a window to watch his devotions. As he prayed briefly, his desires must have been few.

After he had gone, we entered the illuminated mosque, with its myriad swaying lanterns, whose light brought into belief the rich colors and patterns of the luxuriant Turkish rugs, over which we wandered with our "Christian dog" feet incased in slippers. But all was confusion within, made so by the dervishes who had formed in different circles, each group surrounded by a lot of gaping tourists. The backward and forward movement of the dervishes was in time with the beat of drums that nearly rent our ear-drums, their long, mane-like hair flying aloft, then veiling their agonized faces. They were working themselves into a state of frenzy, and the chap who could keep it up the longest was regarded as the holiest. A colored camp-meeting where they "get the power" is something akin to this exceedingly extravagant performance.

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I had a letter to a sheik, who is one of the judges here. Great was my surprise when I learned that Mohammed-Adoub was "the cleverest man in Egypt." Some one hinted to me not to ask him how many wives he had, as it was not good form, yet I felt I must politely ask after Mme. Adoub in some way. Here was a situation as complicated as when the man called on the widow of "Gloverson the Mormon."

In the outskirts, on the Island of Rodda, Moses was supposed to have been found; not a vestige of the bulrush is there—some should be cultivated to enhance interest.

The bazaars are picturesque, but much cheap, worthless stuff is sold in them. Why not wait until one goes again to the Palais Royal or to London, whence the wares originally come? The long Moosky, a street of shops with a stream of people, is kaleidoscopic. Verily, one is literally in touch there with all nations. It is a living mosaic, as it were; but the very poor are so unsightly, with their repulsive rags and physical deformities, that for the moment you would rather consider the fatherhood of God than the brotherhood of man—when such wretched-looking creatures composed it.

From the historical citadel's height the great pyramids of Gizeh may be seen, silhouetted clearly against a sky of translucent blue, so fine are the atmospheric effects here. Distance, in this instance, lends no enchantment, for the pyramids grow in interest and magnitude with near contemplation.

Travelers are advised of the inordinate demands on them for backsheesh. If any one had told me that a railroad conductor on a train would ask for it I would have been doubtful. But one did, between Port Said and Cairo; the habit must have become so ingrained that the demand was involuntary. Wander where you will, the eternal cry goes up. At a recent event at Heloman-les-Bains some native boys contested in a camel race. In a sublimely naive manner the winner of the race, immediately on receiving the prize, asked for backsheesh.

After seeing all of interest in Cairo, the next move for those having time and money is a trip up the Nile. There is no great embarrassment of choice for transportation. Blessed is he who can afford his own dahabeah and choose his own guests. It is most ideal to float thus, like a lotus leaf, on to the cataracts. I have just returned from a three-weeks' tour, which has been a liberal education, and we did not, as in Conan Doyle's latest, The Tragedy of Korosko, fall into the hands of the dervishes, to be rescued by a camel corps.

It is a good idea to read up Egypt while progressing and to discover a few things one's self. The carvings executed by "the world's gray forefathers" are beautifully explained by the archæologist and philologist, and the scholar owes a debt of gratitude to the French, who have sent such a number of their scientists to bring to light the long-buried history of an ancient people. At Sakkorah it is startling to think, when you see the steep pyramid, that you behold the very oldest structure known on earth.

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The cultivated land each side of the Nile is only eight or nine miles at the widest. I heard many enthuse over the incomparable, delicious green of its verdure, which really was no more brilliant than the coloring found in Swiss valleys. But there is the contrast of gray waste, so that the green appears the brighter. Many feared illness from drinking Nile water, which for table use is filtered. We know the Nile was once an object of worship—gold and other gifts were profusely thrown into it; so that with some survival of superstition the river is quite sacredly clean.

In the temple of Luxor, Rameses' colossal statue bespeaks his greatness. Standing under his arm, exactly reaching to his knee, is the very diminutive Mrs. Rameses, giving a fair illustration of the complete subjection of ancient Egyptian women. Yet, 4000 B. C., Queens ruled in Egypt, and in their mythological history quite as much attention is given to moon as to sun worship.

At Luxor we attended some novel races between horses, donkeys, camels and buffalo cows. The rector of the English Church there assisted and distributed the prizes. A very good all-round man, to be sure; he no doubt felt warranted in thus officiating, as Biblical animals mainly were entered.

The sugar factories on the Nile are numerous. That at Nayd-Hamadi claims to be the most scientific and really up-to-date saccharine institution in the world, with its electrical appliances and chemical methods of extraction. Notwithstanding the cheapness of sugar, I paid the price of extortion for a few peppermint lozenges at Assouan; perhaps the men thought I fancied them cartouches, or ovals with Royal signatures.

With the modern innovation of Yankee machinery, savagery and civilization dwell side by side. Egypt having been conservative through centuries, almost refuses the overtures of modernity. Even her population is approximately the same as ages ago—some eight millions.

As an instance of the preservation of style, up near the cataracts little Nubian lads wear the same kind of love-lock that Rameses II wore in his youth, and the dusky maids at Assouan braid their yarny locks in innumerable pigtails, into which bright ribbons are woven—the identical fashion of hairdressing that may be seen on bas-reliefs. The Nubians oil their bodies, so that they glisten like bronze statues, with a castor oil which they highly prize for its shining qualities.

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Writers and travelers speak in rapturous terms of the Island of Philæ, where we found the verdure, flowering acacias and feathery palms more sparse than in the descriptions. But Philæ grows upon one with the aid of classical lore; it is the "sacred isle" of the old Egyptians, the resting-place of their god Osiris. "By him who sleeps in Philæ" was their solemn oath. Once profane for any but priests to approach it, we, a horde of "cloven-footed tourists," desecrated the beautiful Temple of Isis, where the veil always hung before her shrine, by lunching there. Egg-shells, orange-peels and broken bottles were offensive to offer the divinities. One of our fellow-travelers, after our dragoman had explained the division and distribution of Osiris' remains in different temples, asked "if his mummy had been found?" and the dragoman innocently replied: "Oh, no."

I think Gizeh Museum is best appreciated after the Nile trip, and the nineteenth dynasty interests more than any other. If the spirits of the old Egyptian Kings return to visit the body, as their creed taught, they must be entertained at finding themselves in the corner of a museum as curiosities, when they supposed they had constructed tombs that would last until the day of doom. Their creed also taught a literal resurrection, which scientists have accomplished for them. Rameses II, the Pharaoh who "hardened his heart," may to-day be mocked by the children of Israel who come in large numbers to stare at his mummy.

This nineteenth century of progress is being felt in Egypt. Ere long little will be novel to the tourist save the ruins and pyramids. I was surprised at not finding a lift, or some similar contrivance, to elevate old ladies up to the summit of Cheops.

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In London Streets

MY EXPERIENCES WITH GREAT CROWDS

By Mary H. Krout

ON GREAT public occasions, on Lord Mayor's Day or during a Royal wedding, the line of march of the State procession is announced several days beforehand, and it is plainly stated what thoroughfares will be closed to traffic, and between given hours, as from 11 A. M. until 2 P. M. [says the writer, in the Interior]. Large bills are printed conveying this intelligence and posted conspicuously in the various business centres, so that, when the day arrives, there is no confusion.

People who choose that day to change their residence and move their household effects, know that the van which they have hired can not cross High Holborn, or Piccadilly, or the Strand, as the case may be, and consequently it is not attempted. This rule is applied with equal inflexibility to my lady's victoria or the Cabinet Minister's brougham, for it is the proud boast of the law as it is administered in England that it is no respecter of persons. The ease and good nature with which the police of London control the vast multitudes that gather from near and far to witness a pageant like the Lord Mayor's show, must be regarded as one of the triumphs of civilization. A London crowd, while it enjoys itself, is remarkably quiet.

Mounted police move about through the throngs, upon horses trained to this duty of keeping the way clear, and they walk to and fro with an intelligence and docility remarkable to behold. No one fears them; there is no dread of being trampled, and as the constables wheel and guide their animals, men and women divide right and left, to let them pass. There is no confusion.

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How slowly the people advance, how closely they are packed together, may be realized when I state that on the day of the Princess Maude's wedding, I was two hours in reaching Bond Street from Hyde Park corner; about an eighth of a mile. The very heat, the close contact with my fellow-spectators made the ordeal a most trying one, but the patience of the people, their politeness and consideration were amazing. The police were stationed close together at the edge of the walk, but they did not interfere; the multitude having been trained to conduct itself with decorum.

Had a stampede occurred the feeble, the old, with the numbers of children who had been brought by their nurses and parents to see the procession, must have been maimed or trampled to death in great numbers. To guard against even the remote contingency of accident, everywhere at the corners of streets opening into the thoroughfares along which the procession slowly passed, detachments of the ambulance corps had been placed in charge of four nurses—two men and two women. These had been furnished with a stretcher and all the appliances needed in the immediate treatment of emergency cases. On Lord Mayor's Day the services of the corps were not required at all, although something like a million people must have gathered along the line of march.

On the Royal wedding day one woman had her leg broken by the collapse of a bench upon which she was standing, but there was hardly the lapse of five minutes until she had been rescued by the ambulance corps from the adjacent corner.

Everything gives way before these ambulance corps. Even the prohibited streets are open to them and they proceed to the posts to which they have been assigned, escorted by a detachment of police, the women in their nurses' gowns of striped seersucker, their mantles with the red cross upon the right shoulder and the close-fitting bonnet with its long veil; the men are uniformed in dark cloth with scarlet trimmings.

The Queen, herself, who is humane and sympathetic in a high degree, sets a good example for her subjects. On the day of her granddaughter's marriage, she saw through the window of Buckingham Palace a woman fall in a swoon. She instantly dispatched one of her own servants and ordered that she be brought into the palace, where she remained until she had recovered.

Begging is, of course, forbidden, as it is elsewhere, but the mendicants under the guise of fakirs are not less troublesome and importunate than those who ask openly with no pretense of barter and exchange. Of these, the flower dealers—for the most part costermongers in slouch cap and corduroys—are the most tenacious and objectionable. They will follow you when you are unmistakably arrayed for some important function. I encountered one of these venders when on my way to an "At Home" in Eton Square.

"Do buy it, laidy," implored the vender, a boy of seventeen or eighteen, offering me an Ascension lily three feet tall. "I hain't had nothin' to eat to-die, an' I sha'n't have nothin' if I cawnt sell this."

When he was peremptorily refused two or three times, still following and growing more and more determined, with what Punch would call "a happy thought" he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, then, won't you please give me a bread ticket?"

He may have been hungry, but it was hardly probable. At any rate, such readiness of resource deserved reward, and not having a bread ticket in my possession, I promptly gave him its equivalent in coin of the realm and so finally got rid of him.

One sees along the park palings, usually comfortably seated, decently dressed men and women—more women than men—the unfortunate poor and blind, who are permitted to sell trifles like matches and shoelaces. The intelligence and refinement of many of these faces is as striking as it is pathetic. It is a rare thing to see one who is not tidy and clean, however poorly dressed.

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The flower dealers, who are assigned to certain desirable corners, are evidently several degrees lower in the social scale. They, too, sit comfortably upon their stools beside generous baskets heaped with fragrant masses of violets, daffodils, wall flowers and cowslips. One of these has become a sort of historical character—the buxom matron near the United States Embassy on Victoria Street, of whom Mr. Lowell used to buy his daily *boutonnière*.

Children nowadays rarely or never sweep the crossings. This duty is almost wholly performed by men, and they are usually ragged and wretched in the extreme. They are, however, like the rest of their countrymen, scrupulous in the matter of blacking their shoes, and although their foot-gear may literally be "things of shreds and patches" the melancholy remains have had a brilliant coat of polish. The most thrifty of the crossing-sweepers are one-legged men, whose condition probably appeals profitably to public sympathy. They rarely ever beg, but the appealing glance which accompanies the lifting of the hand to the hat is sufficiently eloquent for all purposes.

While there is so much to approve and so little to criticise in the management of the great London thoroughfares, it seems surprising that, while the great mass of the people themselves are so reserved and quiet, there is no city on the globe where street noises are so intolerable. One reads with intense sympathy of the suffering of Leech and Carlyle from this terrible infliction.

From dawn till dark the procession of costermongers and milkmen go up and down bawling in stentorian voices: first are the milkmen with their strident cry like the cackling of giant hens; interminable lines of coal carts follow, with the "Wh-o-o-o-o-l Bu-u-y?" of the coal dealers; then come the motley throng of old bottle and rag men, chair-menders, fishmongers and chimney-sweeps. Added to these are the organ-grinders.

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These fakirs have multiplied to such an extent that a society has been formed to suppress the evil, or at least reasonably control it. This is being opposed by the radical members of Parliament, as the reform can only be instituted by legislation.

There is no doubt the suppression of the street venders would be a positive hardship to many; but their clamor and uproar must be a source of great suffering to those who are ill of nervous or mental disorders.

Finally, one must pay merited tribute to that perfect system of police surveillance which makes the London streets, throughout the entire West End, as safe at all hours of the night as they are at noonday.

I have frequently walked from Piccadilly Circus down Sloane Street alone, after midnight, and I can not recall a single instance when I was even stared at impertinently, much less accosted. The English law deals very severely with highway robbery. An offense of this sort is punishable first with flogging, then with fine and imprisonment for a long period. The average criminal has a wholesome fear of the cat, and this has proved most efficient in London in restraining the lawless propensities of footpads.

While mud, after a rain, has not been abolished, it must be admitted, by the unprejudiced, that both street construction and street supervision in London have attained a very high degree of perfection.

The "Forty Immortals" of France

CONSTITUTING THE BRAINS OF THE REPUBLIC

By V. Gribayedoff

WHEN a poet, a novelist, a historian, has been elected a member of the Académie Française, he may fairly consider himself to have attained the acme of success in France. The Academy contains forty seats, and their occupants are called the Forty Immortals. When an occupant dies—strange contradiction—and his seat becomes vacant, a chance is offered to the innumerable candidates to replace him, and the competition between them becomes most keen and entertaining.

The remaining thirty-nine are the arbiters in the matter, and it is incumbent upon all candidates to call upon each and every one of the number, separately, and solicit the favor of his vote. The death of a member of the fraternity of the Immortals is therefore the signal of considerable hustling and bustling in the French world of letters—a miniature political campaign in a certain sense—in which the ingenuity of the candidates is tried to the uttermost. Nevertheless, wire-pulling or manœuvring, of itself, produces little effect, let me hasten to say, unless the candidate's claim is based on solid qualifications fitting him for the high honor. All Zola's erstwhile popularity, the enormous sale of his books the world over, his remarkable literary style, powers of analysis and description—all these availed him nothing in the face of the demoralizing character of the majority of his writings. It will ever redound to the credit of the Académie Française that the author of Nana and La Terre, although otherwise popular, was not allowed to darken its portals.

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But not a few others have been excluded, or have fought several contests to enter into this laureled group, whom one would suppose they would have welcomed with outstretched arms—such men as Corneille, La Bruyère, Fontenelle, Montesquieu and Voltaire. Zola, we have said, has been excluded—and no less than twelve times; but Victor Hugo—also, perhaps, the most illustrious Frenchman of his time—was not blackballed, for they do the thing in the most outspoken way—but was excluded four times, and barely succeeded in the fifth contest, years after. And a strange thing we must set down, which Dumas relates as having happened: He succeeded an enemy, Lemercier, who exclaimed, "As long as I live, Hugo shall never be in the Academy." On which Dumas said to him, "M. Lemercier, you have refused your vote to Victor Hugo, but here is one thing: you will be obliged to yield to him, one day, your place. Take care lest, in exchange for the evil you say here of him, he may be obliged to speak good of you in the Academy." "And the event," says Dumas, "happened just as I had predicted."

The great Cardinal Richelieu may be justly called the father of the present French Academy. It was he who first conceived the idea of adding to the greatness of his country by the foundation of an institution of literary men of the time. A number of literary men were wont to assemble, in those days, at the house of one of their number, Valentine Conrart, to discuss matters of interest relating to their vocation. Richelieu's attention was drawn to these gatherings, and he soon decided that here was the nucleus for a great National Academy for the encouragement of literary effort. On January 2, 1635, this body of men received letters patent, signed by the King, Louis XIII; but Parliament, jealous of the favor thus conferred upon an estate that had hitherto received no legal recognition, willfully withheld, for two years or more, its sanction of the Royal act.

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The first duty that devolved upon the Academy was the purification and the regulation of the French language, which it performed with much success, by the preparation and publication of a monster dictionary. The great Revolution affected this branch of the monarchical institutions as all other branches. On August 8, 1793, a decree of the National Convention abolished the French Academy as such; but two years later its members, who had survived the Reign of Terror, were incorporated in the National Institute, as a separate department or class of "French language and literature." This lasted until the monarchical restoration in 1815, when the Academy was placed upon its former footing, where it stands to-day.

Ducis has given, in a pretty verse, the high requirement of admission to the Immortals: *L'accord d'un beau talent et d'un beau caractère* (The combination of a fine talent with a fine character). It is evident that a select company, from which the public now and then saw excluded, or at least non-included, some of the most brilliant French authors, would naturally excite the caricaturist and the cartoonist. One man gave out as his epitaph, "Here lies Piron—who was nothing—not even a member of the Academy." Daudet wrote his L'Immortel to caricature the Immortals; he thereby destroyed his chances of a seat with them. But Arsène Houssaye wrote a popular satire, The Forty-first Armchair, to show how many deserved to have a seat there who had not been so honored, like Mirabeau, Béranger, Michelet, and George Sand. This was published in 1857; and in 1863, Houssaye was elected a member.

One of the most amusing things is, that after the new member's brilliant salutatory, the orator who responded drew from his pocket a splendid edition of Houssaye's satire on the Academy, and proceeded, in a speech full of wit and appreciation, to answer the author, now gently rasping, and now lauding in the most delightful manner.

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But a society made up of some five or six hundred of the most talented Frenchmen, for over two hundred years, need not fear caricature. I run together some twenty-five or so of them, mighty in brains: Lamartine, Fléchier, Houssaye, Colbert, D'Aguesseau, Montesquieu, Fénelon, Legouvé, Maury, Laplace, Massillon, Thiers, La Fontaine, Racine, Corneille, Victor Hugo, De Tocqueville, Chateaubriand, Malesherbes, Fontenelle, La Bruyère, Balzac, Boileau, De Sacy, Bossuet, Pasteur, and Cuvier—the last of whom, I believe, had the largest brain ever on record.

The Academicians wear an official uniform, designed by David, the great painter of Napoleon: trousers, and a coat finely embroidered with palm leaves in green.

The Academy received, as counter-seal, a crown of laurel leaves, with the words, *À l'Immortalité* (To Immortality), and it has never changed the blazon. So "The Immortals" is, therefore, a natural designation, though Daudet has emphasized it by the title of his book.

The Academy has another function—that of bestowing prizes—twenty-three each year. Seventeen of these are literary; six are called of *virtu*.

Matthew Arnold eulogized the Academy as "a sovereign organ of the highest literary opinion, a recognized authority in matters of intellectual tone and taste." And another Frenchman has said, "It safeguards taste, protects talent, reunites all glories. After two hundred and twenty years of labor, it is as young as in the days of its nativity, and still more brilliant; for it possesses the reminiscences of the past, the promises of the future, and the riches of the present. The names of its actual members confirm its appropriate device, *À l'Immortalité*."

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Let us now recall a few characteristic anecdotes that illustrate the temper, spirit, and individuality of the academicians of the past. To go back a couple of centuries or so, we might mention the visit of Queen Christine of Sweden in the year 1658. The best portion of the seance was devoted to the discussion of questions of etiquette. Should these dignitaries of the pen remain seated or standing in the presence of Her Northern Majesty? After prolonged argument, the former alternative was decided upon; but, to avoid the appearance of undue familiarity with Royalty, the academic seats were removed to a "respective distance" in the rear of the hall. The Queen was made to listen to an abstruse analysis of the word "dictionary," and to various recitations, after which she retired much pleased and edified, say contemporaneous accounts.

Various other potentates have since been received in the Chamber of the Academy; notably the Emperor of Brazil, himself a distinguished writer and scientist, in 1872; and two years ago, the young Emperor of Russia and his beautiful bride. The latter event will ever be considered a red-letter day in the history of the Academy.

But to return to our Immortals. One curious anecdote is related of a newly elected candidate of the year 1694, the Archbishop of Noyon, who flatly refused to follow the time-honored rule of making a laudatory speech to the memory of his deceased predecessor, one Barbier d'Aucour, on the ground that he, the Archbishop, had made an oath that he would never chant the praises of a plebeian, à *vive voix* (by word of mouth).

The great poet, Chateaubriand, a stanch Royalist, refused positively to laud his own predecessor, the Revolutionist, J. M. Chenier. He carried his point to the extent of not being expelled from the Academy, but he was never formally initiated. There is to-day a member, one of the oldest, the famous—I was about to say the notorious—Émile Olivier, Napoleon III's Premier, who has never made his presentation speech. Elected just before the war of 1870, in which he played so sinister a part, he insisted on chanting the praises of the fallen Emperor before the assembled body. Rather than listen to such a monstrous panegyric, the Academy decided to dispense with the ex-minister's initiation altogether. There is only one case on record of a voluntary resignation from the body of Immortals. It is that of that fiery prelate, Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. He retired from that austere body because of the membership of M. Littré, the distinguished scientist, with whose materialistic doctrines he could not agree.

Coming down to the Immortals of the present day, it may be truly said that, with the exception of M. Emile Olivier, already mentioned, one and all of them must have owed their success in life to energy, perseverance and conscientious attention to details, as much as to their native talents. Even Olivier, although he will never be forgiven for having embarked in the disastrous war of 1870 "with a light heart," gave evidence of many brilliant qualities earlier in his career, or he would never have attained the high office of Premier, he who started in life as a small Paris lawyer.

The doyen of the French Academy to-day is the distinguished poet and playwright, Gabriel Jean Baptiste Legouvé, who last year celebrated his ninetieth birthday. If ever success was attained by hard work and conscientious application to his duties, such was the case with Legouvé. His early career was fraught with disappointments, continuous rebuffs from the theatrical managers and publishers, systematic rejection of his manuscript. But he never allowed himself to be discouraged, and by dint of perseverance succeeded in calling public attention upon himself. He will leave his country a legacy she may be proud of—plays, poems, novels, essays, memoirs—a valuable addition to the National literature, and the more valuable because entirely free from the pruriency which unfortunately mars so many productions of the Gallic pen.

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The second oldest member of the Academy is the Duc de Broglie, who, besides shining as a distinguished *littérateur*, has played an important rôle in French internal politics. Broglie carried the overthrow of Thiers' government in May, 1873, and himself assumed the premiership under Thiers' successor, Marshal MacMahon. His tenure of office lasted but a year; but in 1877, he again came to the front, and succeeded in overthrowing the Jules Simon Ministry, forming another Cabinet of his own, and subsequently dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, of which Gambetta was leading the Republican majority. But Broglie's monarchical ideas were not those of the country at large, as the following elections sufficiently proved, and he was finally forced out of power, never to again resume his hold on the reins.

Within the fold of the Academy sit men of the most varied type and temperament. Alongside of the sedate professor and antiquarian, we find a Sardou, a Bourget, an Arsène Houssaye, a Hérédia, and how many other brilliant names! Who is not familiar with Sardou's masterpieces, Divorçons, Theodora, La Tosca, Madame Sans Gêne, Gismonda, and his other works? Yet Sardou's beginnings were similar to Legouvé's—uphill work, disappointments, deceptions nine-tenths of the time! How often has he told the story of his early struggles to his intimates! He felt it was in him to succeed, however, and, like Robert Bruce's spider, he "got there" at last. His fellow-members could tell you identically the same story, or one very much like it.

Hardly a single one was favored by fortune at the outset; hardly one knew what it was to reach the top wave of success from the outset. And had not all possessed that quality which is summed up in the words push, grit, pluck, it is safe to say the complexion of the French Academy would have been very different to-day from what it is, and never have become Immortal.—Success.

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How Senator Mason Won Recognition.—Senator Mason was elected to the Lower House in Mr. Reed's first term as Speaker, and in vain did he strive for recognition. One day, says the New York Sun, a special bill was introduced for the relief of one of the Speaker's constituents. Unanimous consent was asked for its consideration, but Mr. Mason objected. On successive mornings objections were offered, and finally Reed send a friend to inquire why Mason opposed this measure, and Mason replied:

"I have been duly elected to Congress, but the Speaker evidently thinks otherwise. He will not recognize me, and I can get the floor only by an objection to his bill."

The friend returned to Reed, and the following morning when unanimous consent was asked, Mason again objected. During the day Reed saw Mason, and in great seriousness, never mentioning the bill, said:

"Mr. Mason, I believe that if you were to rise and address the Chair the Chair would know who you are."

Mason replied: "Mr. Speaker, I have been giving that bill of yours a good deal of attention, as it is a very important one, and I have decided that it ought to pass."

The next morning unanimous consent was asked and given, and an expansive smile exchanged. As soon as the bill was passed, Mason addressed the Chair, and the Chair responded, "The gentleman from Illinois."

Wit of a Century Ago

Compiled by Walter Jerrold

Reproving a Dyspeptic.—A dyspeptic friend, having plagued Johnson with an account of his health, was justly snubbed and silenced with: "Do not be like the spider, man, and spin conversation thus incessantly out of thine own stomach."

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Epidemic Bravery.—George II having expressed high admiration of General Blank, some one remarked that the distinguished officer was mad. "Oh! he is mad, is he?" readily replied the King; "then I wish he would bite some other of my Generals."

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Explaining the Bible.—Charles James Fox was asked by a friend to explain the meaning of that passage in the Psalms: "He clothed himself with cursing, like as with a garment." "The meaning, I think, is clear," said he; "the man had a habit of swearing."

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Refusing an Heirloom.—Fox having applied to a Westminster shopkeeper for his vote and interest, the man produced a halter with which he said he was ready to oblige him. The candidate courteously thanked him for his kindness, but said he would by no means deprive him of it, as he presumed it was treasured as a family heirloom.

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Just Fishing for Compliments.—William Godwin was dining with Curran after hearing him deliver an unusually poor speech in court. But the Barrister thought he had acquitted himself well, and teased the author for his opinion. "Since you will have my opinion," said Godwin at length, folding his arms and leaning back in his chair with *sang-froid*, "I really never did hear anything so bad as your prose—except your poetry, my dear Curran! I could hardly sit through it."

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Saved by an Afterthought.—Quinn having told Lady Berkeley that she looked as blooming as the spring, suddenly remembered the backwardness of the season and added: "I would to God this spring would look like your ladyship, and be fresh and charming."

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The Answer Discreet.—A lady foolishly said to David Hume: "I am often asked what age I am; what answer should I make?" "Madam," replied the historian, refusing to give the compliment fished for, "when you are asked that question again, answer that you are not yet come to the years of discretion. They may understand."

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A Difficult Solo.—Johnson and a musical friend were listening to a celebrated violinist. The friend, noticing Johnson's inattention, tried to induce him to take more notice of what was going on by explaining that the solo being performed was difficult. "Difficult did you call it, sir?" muttered the Doctor. "I wish it were impossible."

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From Paste to Jewels.—Palmer, one of the most popular actors at Drury Lane, began life as a theatrical bill-sticker. When, however, he had made his mark it was observed that he was given to making a great display of the many jewels he had acquired. "Ah," remarked Garrick, "I can remember the time when he carried nothing but paste."

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The Titled Dumpling.—Swift was in company one day when the talk turned upon family antiquities. The hostess enlarged a little too freely on her descent, observing that her ancestors' names began with De, and, of course, they were of antique French origin. "And now," said the Dean when she had finished, "will you be so good as to help me to a piece of that D-umpling?"

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The Compliment of the Fishes.—Stephen Kemble, who was very fat, was with Mrs. Esten crossing the Firth when a gale sprang up which alarmed the passengers. "Suppose, Mr Kemble," said the beautiful actress, "that we become food for fishes; which of us two do you think they will eat first?" "Those that are gluttons," gracefully replied the comedian, "will undoubtedly fall foul of me; but the epicures will attack you."

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By an Amended Insult.—Counsellor Howard, a celebrated lawyer at the Irish Bar, being counsel against a young officer who was indicted for assault, began: "My Lord, I am counsel in this cause for the Crown, and I am first to acquaint Your Lordship that this soldier here——" "Stop, sir," said the defendant (who thought the word soldier had been used as a word of reproach), "I would have you know, sir, I am an officer." "Oh, sir, I beg your pardon," said the Counsellor dryly. "Why, then, my Lord, to speak more correctly, this officer who is no soldier——"

EDITOR'S NOTE—These selections are taken from Bon-Mots of the Eighteenth Century, edited by Walter Jerrold, with grotesques by Alice Woodward. Published by J. M. Dent and Company, London.

Hospitality as a Fine Art

WHERE THE GUEST FEELS WELCOME

FASHION at last has wisely decreed that the guest shall be free, says the New York Home Journal. It may be originally the English idea; if so, the English have taught us a very good thing. The first thing to do in order to make one's guest thoroughly at ease is to make one's self at ease regarding him. Hospitality does not necessarily mean temporary absorption of the guest into the household as an already assimilated factor. One's guest may have pressing business to attend to in the city. It is obviously a good idea to make him feel as much at ease in regard to his incomings and outgoings as if he were in his own house. Of course, this presupposes that he knows the family hours of meals, and of closing the house at bedtime.

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If there are to be receptions or visits in common, or mere formal calls outside, he will wish to be advised, and will not derange the machinery of the household life if he can possibly help it. But, in its larger and more luxurious sense, there is surely no affectation or snobbery, but the most obvious good taste, in placing the house absolutely at the convenience of the guest, at least in the more leisurely life in which conveniences are so ample that the guest can consult his own tastes and the family theirs without fear, on the part of the guest, that he is giving trouble, or, on the part of the host, that the guest himself may have such apprehension.

The true poetry of hospitality is obviously in the pleasure that host and guest receive in each other's society. We are here speaking less of formal interchanges than of unstudied and spontaneous calls for the sharing of leisure days. We might speak on the rather delicate subject of little matters of expense. A guest would not wish his host to provide a sheet of stamps, for instance, for his accommodation, although it would be good taste in him to use them with a simple expression of thanks. But a supply of stationery, laid in view, would surely be appreciated, simply as the evidence of thoughtfulness on the part of the host.

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There should be no set rule about these things. Rules in such matters, like books on decorum, savor too much of snobbery. The idea is to make your guest's time pleasant, and, in so doing, have many pleasant hours yourself. In the perfection of hospitality the guest can withdraw, at his leisure and inclination, into his own apartments, and the host can bid him good-by for the day and go to his own business without the least anxiety.

Books of decorum do not teach the best manners, for the best manners spring from the heart, and the truest gentlemen are Nature's gentlemen. But there is no snobbery in wanting to know what is the right thing to do in untrodden paths. One would not like to see a friend shake the Queen's hand instead of touching her finger-tips with the lips. But, if the mistake was innocently made, Her Majesty would probably be highly amused, however horrified the old dowagers and Court habitués might be.

We recall here the old story of the American young lady at the Court of the Czar. A plate of grapes was one of the courses, and they were grapes of incomparable price and beauty. Each guest took one as a matter of form. The naive American girl, uninstructed in the awful mysteries of etiquette and totally unobservant, took a whole bunch without a thought. The eyes of the company were instantly riveted on her. Fancy the poor girl's horror when she saw that each other guest had a single grape poised delicately between the thumb and finger!

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She was ready to sink to the floor with shame and confusion. But the chivalrous Czar, noticing her wretchedness, took the next bunch in the most indifferent way, and, turning to the young lady, addressed her in the most matter-of-fact style, as if he had not given the subject a thought. There were no more stares at the ingenuous American girl! But if she had "known the ropes" how much misery she would have been spared! There is a golden mean between books of etiquette and unnecessary ignorance.

It is possible to reduce visiting to a fine art. As a receipt: First be glad to see your guest, or else do not invite him. Second, entertain him to the best of your ability, so as to put him at his ease and consult your own ease and comfort also. Third, do not press any one to stay if you do not want him, for this is a lie against hospitality, and hospitality, rightly understood, is almost a religion. Fourth, let him go and come to suit himself, and do not insist upon his waiting a minute, which may be an hour long, or try to coach him as to where he shall go or what he shall do with the day. Many an unhappy guest is, alas! a prisoner in disguise, just as many rough children nearly kill young dogs and cats, and similar pets, in fondling them.

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